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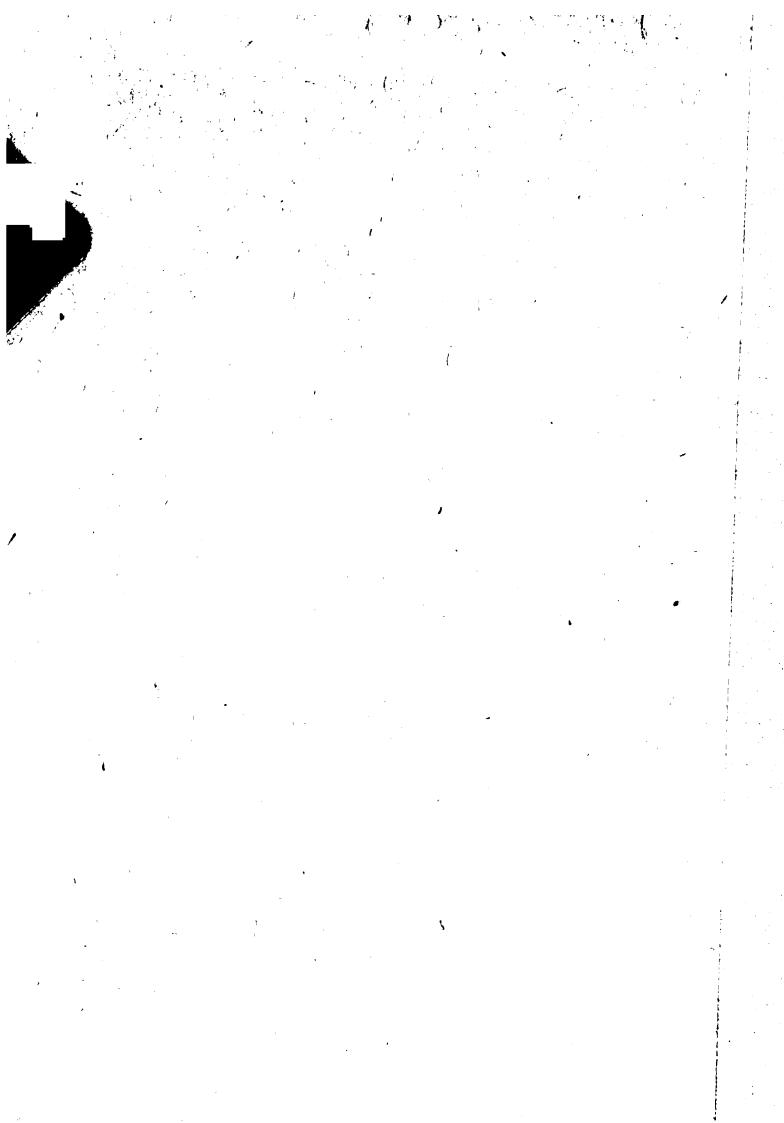
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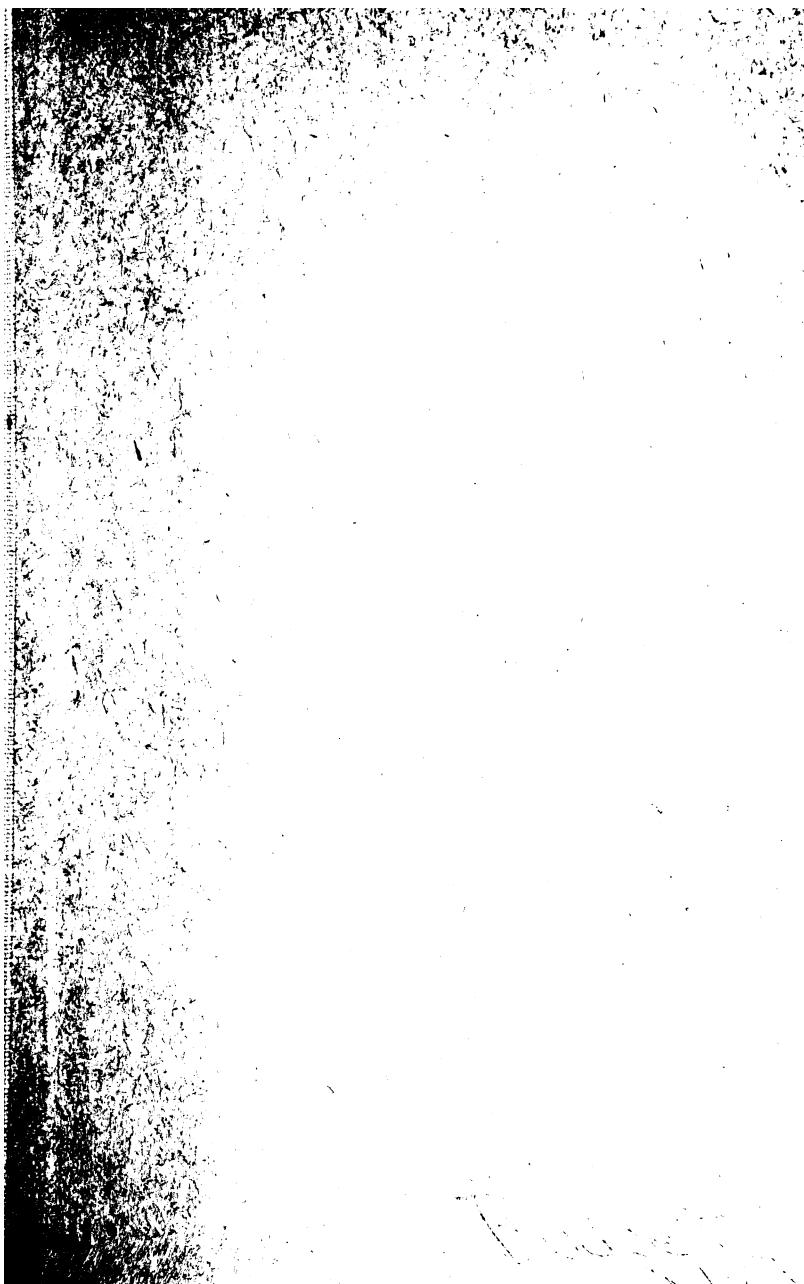
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A

BUDGET

OF

HUMOROUS POETRY.

COMPRISING

SPECIMENS OF THE BEST AND MOST HUMOROUS PRO-
DUCTIONS OF THE POPULAR AMERICAN AND FO-
REIGN POETICAL WRITERS OF THE DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE
"BOOK OF ANECDOTES AND BUDGET OF FUN."



PHILADELPHIA :
G. G. EVANS, PUBLISHER,
NO. 439 CHESTNUT STREET.
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Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by
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P R E F A C E.

IN making the following collection, the compiler has followed the same rule which he prescribed for himself in the "Book of Anecdotes and Budget of Fun," viz: that each piece in the volume should be really funny—something that would inevitably raise a good, hearty laugh. To this one consideration, everything else has been sacrificed. No attempt is made to represent the entire humorous literature of the English language, as that undertaking, intelligently carried out, would fill several large volumes, the English and American literature being particularly rich in this department. The design of this work has been simply to produce a volume replete with wit and humor, wherever it could be found, and not to display the compiler's great resources of learning and research.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Fight with the Snapping Turtle.....	9
The Tall Gentleman to his Lady Love.....	15
The Alabama Duel.....	17
Creep afore ye Gang.....	20
The Dirty Old Man.....	22
Love in the Bowery.....	25
Night and Morning.....	27
He came Too Late.....	28
The Wonderfu' Wean.....	29
Griper Greg.....	31
The Hundred Dollar Bonnet.....	34
The Biter Bit.....	35
Petting at Food.....	37
Rapid Eating.....	38
My Wife's Cousin.....	40
Windlass Song.....	43
Old Grimes.....	45
The sorrowful death of Peter Gray and Lizianny Querl.....	46
Comfort in Affliction.....	47
Uncle Jamie.....	49
The Fine Arkansas Gentleman.....	50

	PAGE
Nowadays.....	54
The Mishap.....	55
The Old Clock.....	57
The Husband's Petition.....	62
The Yankee Recruit.....	64
The Old Continentals.....	72
The Alarmed Skipper.....	74
The Gascon Peasant and the Flies.....	76
Sour Grapes.....	79
Love, Murder, and Matrimony.....	81
Saint Patrick.....	83
Lament of a Young Lady.....	86
Tragic fate of Mrs. Caudle.....	87
Epitaph.....	89
The Faithful Dog.....	89
The Force of Habit.....	90
Omens.....	92
The Cold Water Man.....	92
John Thompson's Daughter.....	95
An Historic Song, in the Dutch Style.....	97
The Tea Tax.....	99
The Apple Dumplings, and George the Third.....	101
John Day.....	102
Country Ode for the Fourth of July.....	105
The Guide Post.....	107
Come out ye Continentals.....	108
The March to Moscow.....	109
The Magpie, or Bad Company.....	114
Epicurean Reminiscences of a Sentimentalist.....	118
The King's own Regulars, and their Triumph over the Irregulars.....	120
The Devil's Walk.....	124
God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop.....	135
Spectacles, or Helps to Read.....	138

	PAGE
The Gouty Merchant and the Stranger.....	140
The Duel.....	141
A true Ballad of St. Antidius, the Pope, and the Devil.....	144
The Yankees' Version.....	147
Huggins and Duggins.....	149
The Pig.....	152
The Well of St. Keyne.....	153
Ladies' Boots.....	155
Il Trovatore.....	157
Maine Battle Song.....	160
The Noble Lads of Canada.....	161
The Locked Out.....	166
Comic Miseries.....	168
The White Squall.....	170
The Irishman.....	176
The Devil of Names.....	178
Nursery Reminiscences.....	182
Molony's Lament.....	184
Mr. Molony's account of the Ball to the Nepalese Ambassador.....	187
Misadventures at Margate; a Legend of Jarvis's Jetty.....	190
The Rail.....	197
An Old Fable Modernized.....	199
What Mr. Robinson Thinks.....	203
Phaethon; or the Amateur Coachman.....	206
Rail Bird Shooting.....	209
Fans.....	211
The Milkmaid and the Banker.....	212
The Comet.....	213
A Oregon Lay.....	216
St. Michael's Eve.....	218
The Bank Clerk and the Stable Keepers.....	227
The Treasury of Rampsinitus.....	230
The Astronomical Alderman.....	237

	PAGE
Elegy, to the Memory of Miss Emily Kay,.....	239
The Merchant of Venice.....	241
The Young Scholar.....	258
A tale of Drury Lane.....	259
Don Fernando Gomersalez.....	266
A Legend of Salem.....	276
I wud knott Dye in Wintur, &c.....	278
The Courtship of our Cid.....	279
The Song of Clara Bakethecakes.....	284
Apostrophe to the Elephant.....	285
Gentility.....	286
To a Forget-me-not.....	288
A Call Wanted.....	289
Kisses in Market.....	292
Reflections on receiving a Copy of my First Poem.....	293
Travel, written on the top of a Hat.....	296
Letters from Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy.....	297
The Mosquito Hunt.....	315
To the Portrait of "a Gentleman.".....	316
Evening ; by a Tailor.....	318

A

BUDGET OF HUMOROUS POETRY.

THE FIGHT WITH THE SNAPPING TURTLE.

FYTTE FIRST.

HAVE you heard of Philip Slingsby,
Slingsby of the manly chest ;
How he slew the Snapping Turtle
In the regions of the West ?

Every day the huge Cawana
Lifted up its monstrous jaws ;
And it swallowed Langton Bennett,
And digested Rufus Dawes.

Riled, I ween, was Philip Slingsby,
Their untimely deaths to hear ;
For one author owed him money,
And the other loved him dear.

“ Listen now, sagacious Tyler,
Whom the loafers all obey ;
What reward will Congress give me,
If I take this pest away ? ”

Then sagacious Tyler answered,
“ You’re the ring-tailed squealer ! Less
Than a hundred heavy dollars
Won’t be offered you, I guess !

And a lot of wooden nutmegs
In the bargain, too, we’ll throw—
Only you just fix the critter.
Won’t you liquor ere you go ?

Straightway leaped the valiant Slingsby
Into armor of Seville,
With a strong Arkansas toothpick
Screwed in every joint of steel.

“ Come thou with me, Cullen Bryant,
Come with me, as squire, I pray ;
Be the Homer of the battle,
Which I go to wage to-day.”

So they went along careering
With a loud and martial tramp,
Till they neared the Snapping Turtle
In the dreary Swindle Swamp.

But when Slingsby saw the water,
Somewhat pale, I ween, was he.
“ If I come not back, dear Bryant,
Tell the tale to Melanie !

“ Tell her that I died devoted,
Victim to a noble task !
Han’t you got a drop of brandy
In the bottom of your flask ?”

As he spoke, an alligator
Swam across the sullen creek ;
And the two Columbians started,
When they heard the monster shriek ;

For a snout of huge dimensions
Rose above the waters high,
And took down the alligator,
As a trout takes down a fly.

“ ‘Tarnal death ! the Snapping Turtle !’ ”
Thus the squire in terror cried ;
But the noble Slingsby straightway
Drew the toothpick from his side.

“ Fare thee well ! ” he cried, and dashing
Through the waters strongly swam :
Meanwhile Cullen Bryant, watching,
Breathed a prayer and sucked a dram.

Sudden from the slimy bottom
Was the snout again upreared,
With a snap as loud as thunder,—
And the Slingsby disappeared.

Like a mighty steam-ship foundering,
Down the monstrous vision sank ;
And the ripple, slowly rolling,
Plashed and played upon the bank.

Still and stiller grew the water,
Hushed the canes within the brake ;
There was but a kind of coughing
At the bottom of the lake.

Bryant wept as loud and deeply
As a father for a son—
“He’s a finished ’coon, is Slingsby,
And the brandy’s nearly done!”

FYTTE SECOND.

IN a trance of sickening anguish,
Cold and stiff, and sore and damp,
For two days did Bryant linger
By the dreary Swindle Swamp;

Always peering at the water,
Always waiting for the hour,
When those monstrous jaws should open
As he saw them ope before.

Still in vain;—the alligators
Scrambled through the marshy brake;
And the vampire leeches gaily
Sucked the garfish in the lake.

But the Snapping Turtle never
Rose for food or rose for rest,
Since he lodged the steel deposit
In the bottom of his chest.

Only always from the bottom
Sounds of frequent coughing rolled.
Just as if the huge Cawana
Had a most confounded cold.

On the bank lay Cullen Bryant,
As the second moon arose ;
Gouging on the sloping greensward
Some imaginary foes.

When the swamp began to tremble
And the canes to rustle fast,
As though some stupendous body
Through their roots were crushing past.

And the waters boiled and bubbled,
And in groups of twos and threes,
Several alligators bounded,
Smart as squirrels, up the trees.

Then a hideous head was lifted,
With such huge distended jaws,
That they might have held Goliath
Quite as well as Rufus Dawes.

Paws of elephantine thickness
Dragged its body from the bay,
And it glared at Cullen Bryant
In a most unpleasant way.

Then it writhed as if in torture,
And it staggered to and fro ;
And its very shell was shaken
In the anguish of its throes :
And its cough grew loud and louder,
And its sob more husky thick !
For, indeed, it was apparent
That the beast was very sick.

Till, at last, a spasmy vomit
Shook its carcass through and through,
And as if from out a cannon,
All in armor Slingsby flew.

Bent and bloody was the bowie
Which he held within his grasp ;
And he seemed so much exhausted,
That he scarce had strength to gasp—

“Gouge him, Bryant ! darn ye, gouge him !
Gouge him while he’s on the shore !”
Bryant’s thumbs were straightway buried,
Where no thumbs had pierced before.

Right from out their bony sockets,
Did he scoop the monstrous balls ;
And, with one convulsive shudder,
Dead the Snapping Turtle falls !

* * * *

“Post the tin, sagacious Tyler !”
But the old experienced file,
Leering first at Clay and Webster,
Answered, with a quiet smile—

“Since you dragged the ‘tarnal crittur
From the bottom of the ponds,
Here’s the hundred dollars due you,
All in Pennsylvania bonds !”

W. E. AYTOUN.

THE TALL GENTLEMAN TO HIS LADY
LOVE.

UPBRAID me not ! I never swore
Eternal love to thee ;
For thou art only five feet high,
And I am six feet three :
I wonder, dear, how you supposed
That I could look so low ;
There's many a one can tie a knot,
Who cannot tie a beau !

Besides, you must confess, my love,
The bargain's scarcely fair :
For never could we make a match,
Although we made a pair ;
Marriage, I know, makes one of two,
But there's the horrid bore,
My friends declare if you are *one*,
That I at least am *four* !

'Tis true, the moralists have said,
That Love has got no eyes ;
But why should all my sighs be heaved
For one who has no size ?
And on our wedding-day, I'm sure
I'd leave you in the lurch,
For you never saw a steeple, dear,
In the inside of a church !

'Tis usual for a wife to take
 Her husband by the arm—
But pray excuse me, if I hint
 A sort of fond alarm.
That when I offered *you* my arm,
 That happiness to beg,
Your highest efforts, dear, would be,
 To take me by the leg !

I do admit I wear a glass,
 Because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you,
 It might be counted rude.
And though I use a convex lens,
 I still can not but hope
My wife will e'er "look up to me"
 Through Herschel's telescope !

Then fare thee well, my gentle one,
 I ask no parting kiss ;
I must not break my back, to gain
 So exquisite a bliss :
Nor will I weep, lest I should hurt
 So delicate a flower :
The tears that fall from such a height
 Would be a thunder shower !

Farewell ! and pray don't throw yourself
 In a basin or a tub ;
For that would be a sore disgrace
 To all the Six-Foot Club !

But if you ever love again,
Love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six feet three
The life that's but a span ?

Anonymous.

THE ALABAMA DUEL.

“YOUNG chaps, give ear,—the case is clear. You, Silas
Fixings, you
Pay Mister Nehemiah Dodge them dollars as you’re due.
You are a bloody cheat,—you are. But spite of all your
tricks, it
Is not in you Judge Lynch to do. No! nohow you can
fix it!”

Thus spake Judge Lynch, as there he sat in Alabama’s
forum,
Around he gazed, with legs upraised upon the bench
before him;
And, as he gave this sentence stern to him who stood
beneath,
Still with his gleaming bowie-knife he slowly picked his
teeth.

It was high noon, the month was June, and sultry was
the air,
A cool gin-sling stood by his hand, his coat hung o’er his
chair;
All naked were his manly arms, and shaded by his hat,
Like an old senator of Rome that simple Archon sat.

“A bloody cheat?—Oh, legs and feet!” in wrath young
Silas cried;

And springing high into the air, he jerked his quid
aside.—

“No man shall put my dander up, or with my feelings
trifle,

As long as Silas Fixings wears a bowie-knife and rifle.”

“If your shoes pinch,” replied Judge Lynch, “you’ll
very soon have ease,

I’ll give you satisfaction, squire, in any way you please;
What are your weapons?—knife or gun?—at both I’m
pretty spry!”

“Oh! ‘tarnal death, you’re spry, you are?” quoth Silas,
“so am I!”

Hard by the town a forest stands, dark with the shades
of time,

And they have sought that forest dark at morning’s early
prime;

Lynch, backed by Nehemiah Dodge, and Silas with a
friend,

And half the town in glee came down to see that contest’s
end.

They led their men two miles apart, they measured out
the ground;

A belt of that vast wood it was, they notched the trees
around;

Into the tangled brake they turned them off, and neither
knew

Where he should seek his wagered foe, how get him into
view.

With stealthy tread, and stooping head, from tree to tree
they passed,
They crept beneath the crackling furze, they held their
rifles fast :
Hour passed on hour, the noonday sun smote fiercely
down, but yet
No sound to the expectant crowd proclaimed that they
had met.
And now the sun was going down, when, hark ! a rifle's
crack !
Hush—hush ! another strikes the air,—and all their
breath draw back,—
Then crashing on through bush and briar, the crowd from
either side
Rush in to see whose rifle sure with blood the moss has
dyed.
Weary with watching up and down, brave Lynch con-
ceived a plan,
An artful dodge whereby to take at unawares his man ;
He hung his hat upon a bush, and hid himself hard by ;
Young Silas thought he had him fast, and at the hat let
fly.
It fell ; up sprung young Silas,—he hurl'd his gun
away ;
Lynch fixed him with his rifle, from the ambush where he
lay.
The bullet pierced his manly breast—yet valiant to the
last,
Young Fixings drew his bowie-knife, and up his foxtail
cast.

With tottering step and glazing eye he cleared the space
between,

And stabbed the air as stabs in grim Macbeth the younger
Kean :

Brave Lynch received him with a bang that stretched him
on the ground,

Then sat himself serenely down till all the crowd drew
round.

They hailed him with triumphant cheers—in him each
loafer saw

The bearing bold that could uphold the majesty of law ;
And, raising him aloft, they bore him homewards at his
ease,—

That noble judge, whose daring hand enforced his own
decrees.

They buried Silas Fixings in the hollow where he fell,
And gum-trees wave above his grave—that tree he loved
so well ;

And the 'coons sit chattering o'er him when the nights
are long and damp ;

But he sleeps well in that lonely dell, the Dreary 'Possum
Swamp.

W. E. AYTOUN.

CREEP AFORE YE GANG.

CREEP awa', my bairnie,

Creep afore ye gang,

Cock ye baith your lugs

To your auld Granny's sang :

Gin ye gang as far
Ye will think the road lang—
Creep awa', my bairnie,
Creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie,
Ye're owre young to learn
To tot up an' down yet,
My bonnie wee bairn;
Better creepin' cannie,
Than fa'in' wi' a bang,
Duntin' a' your wee brow,—
Creep afore ye gang.

Ye'll creep, an' ye'll hotch,
And ye'll nod to your mither,
Watchin' ilka step
O' your wee dousy brither;
Rest ye on the floor
Till your wee limbs grow strang,
An' ye'll be a braw chield yet,—
Creep afore ye gang.

The wee birdie fa's
When it tries owre soon'to flee:
Folks are sure to tumble
When they climb owre hie;
They wha dinna walk aright,
Are sure to come to wrang,—
Creep awa', my bairnie,
Creep afore ye gang.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

A singular man, named Nathaniel Bentley, for many years kept a large hardware shop in Leadenhall Street, London. He was best known as Dirty Dick (Dick for alliteration's sake, probably), and his place of business as the Dirty Warehouse. He died about the year 1809. These verses accord with the accounts respecting himself and his house.

IN a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man ;
Soap, towels, or brushes were not in his plan.
For forty long years as the neighbors declared,
His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

'Twas a scandal and shame to the business-like street,
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat :
The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,
And the rest of the mansion a thousand times worse.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,
Looked spotty in sunshine, and streaky in rain ;
The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,
And the panes from being broken were known to be
glass.

On the ricketty signboard no learning could spell
The merchant who sold, or the goods he'd to sell ;
But for house and for man a new title took growth
Like a fungus ; the Dirt gave its name to them both.

Within, there were carpets and cushions of dust,
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust !
Old curtains—half cobwebs—hung grimly aloof ;
'Twas a spider's elysium from cellar to roof.

There, king of the spiders, the Dirty Old Man
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can ;
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face,
For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his shirt,
His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt ;
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding,
Yet the Dirty Old Man has both learning and breed-
ing.

Fine dames from their carriages, noble and fair,
Have entered his shop—less to buy than to stare.
And have afterwards said, though the dirt was so fright-
ful,
The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

But they pried not upstairs, through the dirt and the
gloom,
Nor peeped at the door of the wonderful room
That gossips made much of, in accents subdued,
But whose inside no mortal might brag to have viewed.

That room—forty years since folk settled and decked
it.
The luncheon's prepared, and the guests are expected.
The handsome young host, he is gallant and gay,
For his love and her friends will be with him to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom their
best ;

Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will appear,

For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since, turned the key in that door.

'Tis a room deaf and dumb 'mid the city's uproar.

The guests, for whose joyance that table was spread,
May now enter as ghosts, for they're every one dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come and go,

The seats are in order, the dishes a-row:

But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the mouse
Whose descendants have long left the Dirty Old House.

Cup and platter are masked in thick layers of dust,
The flowers fall'n to powder, the wines swath'd in crust;

A nosegay was laid before one special chair,
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies there.

The old man has played out his part in the scene.

Wherever he now is, I hope he's more clean;

Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or ban

To that Dirty Old House and that Dirty Old Man.

LOVE IN THE BOWERY.

The course of true love didn't never run smooth.—
SHAKSPERE—*Bowery Edition.*

I SEEN her on the sidewalk,
When I run with No. 9 :
My eyes spontaneous sought out hern—
And hern was fixed on mine.
She waved her pocket handkerchief,
As we went rushin' by—
No boss that ever killed in York
Was happier than I.
I felt that I had done it ;
And what had won her smile—
'Twas them embroidered braces,
And that 'ere immortal tile.

I sought her out at Wauxhall,
Afore that place was shet—
Oh ! that happy, happy evenin',
I recollect it yet.
I gin her cords of peanuts,
And a apple and a "wet."
Oh ! that happy, happy evenin',
I recollect it yet.

I took her out to Harlem—
On the road we cut a swell,
And the nag we had afore us
Went twelve mile afore he fell.

And though ven he struck the pavement,
The "Crab" began to fail,
I got another mile out—
By twisting of his tail.

I took her to the Bowery—
She sat long side of me—
They acted out a piece they called,
"The Wizard of the Sea."
And when the sea-fight wos fetched on,
Eliza cried "hay! hay!"
And like so many minutes there
Five hours slipped away.

Before the bridle halter,
I thought to call her mine—
The day was fixed when she to me
Her hand and heart should jine.
The rum old boss, the father, swore
He'd gin her out her hand,
Two hundred cash—and also treat
To number 9's men stand.

But bless me! if she didn't slip
Her halter on the day;
A peddler from Connecticut,
He carried her away.
And when the news was brought to me,
I felt almighty blue;
And though I didn't shed no tear,
Perhaps I cussed "a few."

Well, let it pass—there's other gals,
As beautiful as she ;
And many a butcher's lovely child
Has cast sheep's eyes at me.
I wears no crape upon my hat,
'Cause I'm a packin sent—
I only takes a extra horn,
Observing, "LET HER WENT!"

F. A. DURIVAGE.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

"THY coffee, Tom, 's untasted,
And thy egg is very cold ;
Thy cheeks are wan and wasted,
Not rosy as of old.
My boy, what has come o'er ye ?
You surely are not well !
Try some of that ham before ye,
And then, Tom, ring the bell!"

"I cannot eat, my mother,
My tongue is parched and bound,
And my head, somehow or other,
Is swimming round and round.
In my eyes there is a fullness,
And my pulse is beating quick
On my brain is a weight of dullness ;
Oh, mother, I am sick !"

“These long, long nights of watching
 Are killing you outright;
 The evening dews are catching,
 And you’re out every night.
 Why does that horrid grumbler,
 Old Inkpen, work you so ?”

(Tom—*lene susurrans*)

“My head ! Oh, that tenth tumbler !
 ’Twas that which wrought my woe !”

W. E. AYTOUN.

HE CAME TOO LATE !

“He came too late ! the toast had dried
 Before the fire too long ;
 The cakes were scorched upon the side,
 And everything was wrong !
 She scorned to wait all night for one
 Who lingered on his way,
 And so she took her tea alone,
 And cleared the things away !

“He came too late ! at once he felt
 The supper hour was o’er :
 Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
 She closed the pantry-door :
 The table-cloth had passed away—
 No dishes could he see :
 She met him, and her words were gay—
 She never spoke of tea !

“ He came *too late* ! the subtle chords
 Of patience were unbound ;
 Not by offence of spoken words,
 But by the slights that wound.
 She knew he would say nothing now
 That could the past repay ;
 She bade him go and milk the cow,
 And coldly turned away !

“ He came *too late* ! the fragrant steam
 Of tea had long since flown ;
 The flies had fallen in the cream—
 The bread was cold as stone.
 And when, with word and smile, he tried
 His hungry state to prove,
 She nerved her heart with woman’s pride,
 And never deigned to move !”

Anonymous.

THE WONDERFU’ WEAN.

OUR wean’s the most wonderfu’ wean e’er I saw,
 It would tak’ me a lang summer day to tell a’
 His pranks, frae the mornin’ till night shuts his e’e,
 When he sleeps like a peerie, ’tween father an’ me.
 For in his quiet turns, siccan questions he’ll speir :—
 How the moon can stick up in the sky that’s sae clear ?
 What gars the win’ blaw ? an’ whar frae comes the rain ?
 He’s a perfect divert—he’s a wonderfu’ wean.

Or wha was the first bodie's father ? an' wha
Made the very first snaw-show'r that ever did fa' ?
An' wha made the first bird that sang on a tree ?
An' the water that sooms a' the ships in the sea ?—
But after I've tauld him as weel as I ken,
Again he begins wi' his wha ? an' his when ?
An' he looks aye sae watchfu' the while I explain,—
He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk wha ha'e skill o' the lumps on the head,
Hint there's mae ways than toilin' o' winnin' ane's
bread ;—
How he'll be a rich man, an ha'e men to work for him,
Wi' a kytic like a bailie's, shug shugging afore him ;
Wi' a face like the moon, sober, sonsy, and douce,
An' a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house,
'Tweel I'm unco ta'en up wi't, they mak' a' sae plain ;—
He's just a town's-talk—he's a bye-ord'nar wean !

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat ;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far ower his knees,
The tap loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease,
Then he marcht thro' the house, he marcht but, he
marcht ben,
Sae like mony mae o' our great-little men,
That I leugh clean outright, for I couldna contain,
He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean.

But 'mid a' his daffin sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose ;
An' the unclouded hinnie-beam aye in his e'e,
Mak's him every day dearer an' dearer to me.

Though fortune be saucy, an' dory, an' dour,
 An' glooms thro' her fingers, like hills thro' a show'r,
 When bodies ha'e got ae bit bairn o' their ain,
 He can cheer up their hearts—he's the wonderfu' wean.

JAMES MILLER.

GRIPER GREG.

GRIPER GREGG, of the village of Willoughby Waterless,

A miserly hunk who was sonless and daughterless,
 Nieceless and nephewless, why did he haste to lay
 Gold in queer corners, for strangers to waste away :

Were there no claimants upon his cold charity :
 Poor fellow-creatures, heart-void of hilarity ;

Fatherless, motherless,
 Sisterless, brotherless,
 Husbandless, wifeless,
 Forkless, and knifeless,

Dinnerless, supperless wretches, to pray or beg—
 None in his neighborhood, loudly to say to Greg :
 “Stone-hearted miser, behold you, we perish ;
 Give us some victual our faint frames to cherish ?”

Yes, there were orphans, Tom, Jack, Dick, and Ned,
 Lean, tiny creatures, ill-clothed and worse fed ;
 Widows there were, Dinah, Ruth, Prue, and Kate,
 Bearers alike of the hard blows of Fate ;
 Old pauper Will, too, who hirpled on crutches,
 With mouth pulled aside by neuralgical clutches,

And limbs drawn awry by rheumatical twitches,
Bewrapped in old blankets, without coat or breeches—
No sister, no daughter, no wife, to take care of him—
The very dogs barked “Bow-wow! Beggar! beware of
him!”

And many more hunger-bit, tatter-clad sorrowers,
Fain would have been relieved beggars or borrowers
At Griper Greg’s door, where they often cried woe-
fully.
But Greg—he grinned fiercely, and frowned on them
foefully!

One day, the snow fell thick and fast
One drear mid-winter’s day;
And Greg was out upon the waste
That round his cottage lay.

No sight was there, except the snow,
Upon the wild wide moor;
And in Greg’s heart began to grow
Stern, deadly, self-accusings how
He’d used the houseless poor.

“If I die here,” Greg wildly cried,
“My soul is ever lost!
Had I my gold here by my side,
It would not pay the cost
To ransom it from endless pain!
Oh! could I reach my home again,
I’d give to every suffering fellow
Creature enough to make him mellow.”

“They are good words yev said, dear!” cried beggarman
Pat,

Who wandered, all weathers, without coat or hat,
Upon the wide waste, and now chanced to be near
Enough to the miser his heart-grief to hear:

“They are good words yev said; and no better by
preacher,

Were ever delivered about the dear creature:

Make me mellow with him, and no ill shall betide ye,
For to Willoughby Waterless safely I'll guide ye!”

“Oh, joy!” shouted Greg, “guide me home from the
waste,

And the sweetest of mutton this night ye shall taste!”

“Bad luck to your mutton! be’t sweeter than candy,
‘Tis wormwood compared with strong whiskey or
brandy!”

“Then I’ll fill ye with brandy,” swore Greg, in grim
fear

That if he refused he would perish, left here.

So home sped the miser by beggar Pat guided,
And home safely reached—but, there, ill Greg be-
tided.

Griper Greg, all a-cold, shared the brandy with Pat,
Till discretion, with fuddling, he wholly forgat,
And joked of his gold huddled up in sly corners,
To hide it from burglars by night, and day sorners.
Sleep seized him so heavily he stopped in his story,
And Pat, wide awake then, was, sure, in his glory,

And rummaged the corners, and bore off the plunder.
Greg woke the next day, with sore head-ache and
wonder
To find the noon passed while he had been sleeping;
Then looked for his gold, and forthwith fell to weep-
ing,
While the beggarman, miles off, was merrily turning
Greg's gold into whiskey, and fearlessly burning
The throats of himself and companions in revel,
Ever giving this toast, "Griper Greg at the devil!"

Anonymous.

THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BONNET.

“OH, it cost a hundred dollars,
And it was the *‘sweetest thing!’*
Perched above a queen of collars,
Tied with vast expanse of string.

“ And the fringe weighed twenty ounces,
Round her mantle short and cool,
And her silk brocade with flounces,
Filled the pew superbly full !

“Dainty gloves, and ‘kerchief broidered,
In her psalm book kept the stops;
All the things she *wore* were ordered
From the first Parisian shops.

“ But that Hundred Dollar Bonnet !
That’s the gem I wish to paint ;
Such a shower of things were on it,
’Twas enough to craze a saint,

“Oh, I could not hear a word of
What the pious pastor said,
For the shapes and ‘shines’ unheard of
That were floating round her head !

“Bands and plumes, and flowers and laces,
Fancies more than you could name ;
And ‘they say’ Miss Dorsey’s cases
Boast a dozen ‘just the same !’

“How I wonder who will wear them !
If the pastor seeks to teach
By his texts, he well may spare them—
’Tis the *milliners* that preach !

“All over, eyes such sights are drinking,
Counting o’er their cost anew,
That we break the Sabbath thinking,
‘What if *we* could wear them too !’”

Anonymous.

THE BITER BIT.

THE sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing
fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the
air ;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea ;
And happiness is everywhere, oh mother, but with me !

They are going to the church, mother,—I hear the marriage bell ;
It booms along the upland,—oh ! it haunts me like a knell ;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering step,
And closely to his side she clings,—she does, the demirep !

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft have stood,
The stile beside the shady thorn, at the corner of the wood ;
And the boughs, that wont to murmur back the words that won my ear,
Wave their silver blossoms o'er him, as he leads his bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where first my hand he pressed,
By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his passion he confessed ;
And down the hedgerows where we've strayed again and yet again ;
But he will not think of me, mother, his broken-hearted Jane !

He said that I was proud, mother,—that I looked for rank and gold ;
He said I did not love him,—he said my words were cold ;

He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher
game—

And it may be that I did, mother; but who hasn't done
the same?

I did not know my heart, mother,—I know it now too
late;

I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler
mate;

But no nobler suitor sought me,—and he has taken
wing,

And my heart is gone, and I am left a lone and blighted
thing.

You may lay me in my bed, mother,—my head is throb-
bing sore;

And, mother, prithee let the sheets be duly aired be-
fore;

And if you'd do a kindness to your poor desponding
child,

Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother, draw it
mild!

W. E. AYTOUN.

PETTING AT FOOD.

If ye'll no tak' your breakfast, just let it alone!

The porridge can wait till ye're hungry again;

Though saucy e'en now, ye'll be glad o' them soon—

Sae tak' ye the pet now, an' lay down your spoon!

Ye'll weary for them ere they weary for you,
 An' when they grow cule they'll no blister your mou';
 A twa three hours' fast might be gude for ye a',
 An' help aye to drive the ill humors awa'.

Yon fat little doggie that waddles alang,
 Sae pamper'd an' pechin' he scarcely can gang,
 At daintiest dishes he turns up his nose,
 But scrimp him a wee, he'll be blythe o' his brose.

There's nane kens the gude o' a thing till it's gane—
 Yon barefitted laddie, ye met wi' yestreen,
 Had he such a cogie he'd no let it cule—
 Na ! just let them stan' till ye come frae the schule.

The best cure for bairnies, when nice wi' their meat,
 Is the fresh air o' morning wi' naething to eat;
 Sae tak' your ain time, like the cattle out-by—
 Just eat when ye're hungry an' drink when ye're dry.

ALEXANDER SMART.

RAPID EATING.

““Chair, sir !” “there, sir !”—“soup, sir ?” “yes, sir !”
 ‘Glass of water—bill of fare’—
 Jabbers on my dark oppressor—
 ‘Alligator ?—roasted bear ?’

“One—two—three ! that wide-mouthed vulture
 Can not have *already* dined !
 By my gastronomic culture !
He's a specimen refined.

“Call this *dining*?—it’s *devouring*,
Like the beasts in Raymond’s show,
O’er the mighty desert scouring,
Devastating as they go.

“Where’s that waiter?”—one breath later,
And the cabbage is no more!
Disappearing in the clearing
Of the ‘gent’ it stands before.

“Are we on the eve of ‘bu’sting’
Generally up, for good?
Are we seriously distrusting
Our prospective chance of food?

“Are we to be hung to-morrow,
Executed to a man,
That we seek ‘surcease of sorrow,’
By devouring all we can?

“Are we cramming beef and lamb in
From an unsubstantial fear
Of a grand potato famine
Shipped from Ireland, coming here?

“What’s the reason that we seize on
‘Grub’ like birds and beasts of prey?
Is the question indigestion,
That quack medicines may pay?

* * * * *

“Oh ! a hideous apprehension
Often o'er my bosom steals,
With a strong and nervous tension,
Thrilling me from head to heels !

“’Tis that, *some* day, *some* collection
Of the hungry guests I’ve seen,
In voracity’s perfection,
Having swept the table clean,

“Will, their appetites to smother,
Wildly on the waiters fall,
Then, devouring one another,
Eat up landlord, cooks, and all !”

Anonymous.

MY WIFE’S COUSIN.

DECKED with shoes of blackest polish,
And with shirt as white as snow,
After matutinal breakfast
To my daily desk I go ;
First a fond salute bestowing
On my Mary’s ruby lips,
Which, perchance, may be rewarded
With a pair of playful nips.

All day long across the ledger
Still my patient pen I drive,
Thinking what a feast awaits me
In my happy home at five ;

In my small one-storied Eden,
Where my wife awaits my coming,
And our solitary handmaid
Mutton chops with care is crumbing.

When the clock proclaims my freedom
Then my hat I seize and vanish ;
Every trouble from my bosom,
Every anxious care I banish.
Swiftly brushing o'er the pavement,
At a furious pace I go,
Till I reach my darling dwelling
In the wilds of Pimlico.

“Mary, wife, where art thou, dearest ?”
Thus I cry, while yet afar ;
Ah ! what scent invades my nostrils ?—
’Tis the smoke of a cigar !
Instantly into the parlor
Like a maniac I haste,
And I find a young Life-Guardsman,
With his arm round Mary’s waist.

And his other hand is playing
Most familiarly with hers ;
And I think my Brussels carpet
Somewhat damaged by his spurs.
“Fire and furies ! what the blazes ?”
Thus in frenzied wrath I call ;
When my spouse her arms upraises,
With a most astounding squall.

“ Was there ever such a monster,
 Ever such a wretched wife ?
Ah ! how long must I endure it,
 How protract this hateful life ?
All day long, quite unprotected,
 Does he leave his wife at home ;
And she cannot see her cousins,
 Even when they kindly come !”

Then the young Life-Guardsman rising,
 Scarce vouchsafes a single word,
But with look of deadly menace,
 Claps his hand upon his sword ;
And in fear I faintly falter—
 “ This your cousin, then he’s mine !
Very glad, indeed, to see you,—
 Won’t you stop with us, and dine ?”

Won’t a ferret suck a rabbit ?—
 As a thing of course he stops ;
And with most voracious swallow
 Walks into my mutton chops.
In the twinkling of a bed-post
 Is each savory platter clear,
And he shows uncommon science
 In his estimate of beer.

Half-and-half goes down before him,
 Gurgling from the pewter pot ;
And he moves a counter motion
 For a glass of something hot.

Neither chops nor beer I grudge him,
Nor a moderate share of goes ;
But I know not why he's always
Treading upon Mary's toes.

Evermore, when home returning,
From the counting-house I come,
Do I find the young Life-Guardsman
Smoking pipes and drinking rum.
Evermore he stays to dinner,
Evermore devours my meal ;
For I have a wholesome horror
Both of powder and of steel.

Yet I know he's Mary's cousin,
For my only son and heir
Much resembles that young Guardsman,
With the self-same curly hair ;
But I wish he would not always
Spoil my carpet with his spurs ;
And I'd rather see his fingers
In the fire, than touching hers.

W. E. AYTOUN.

WINDLASS SONG.

Heave at the windlass !—Heave O, cheerly, men !
Heave all at once with a will !
The tide's quickly making,
Our cordage a-creaking,
The water has put on a frill.
Heave O !

Fare-you-well, sweethearts ! Heave O, cheerly, men !
Shore gamborado and sport !
The good ship all ready,
The dog-vane all steady,
The wind blowing dead out of port !
Heave O !

Once in blue water ! Heave O, cheerly, men !
Blow it from north or from south,
She'll stand to it brightly
And curtsy politely,
And carry a bone in her mouth,
Heave O !

Short cruise or long cruise—Heave O, cheerly, men !
Jolly Jack Tar thinks it one.
No latitude dreads he
Of White, Black, or Red Sea ;
Great icebergs, or tropical sun ;
Heave O !

One other turn, and Heave O, cheerly men !
Heave, and good-bye to the shore !
Our money, how went it ?
We shared it, and spent it :
Next year we'll come back with some more.
Heave O !

Anonymous.

OLD GRIMES.

OLD Grimes is dead—that good old man—
We ne'er shall see him more;
He wore a single breasted-coat
That buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er was heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Thus ever prompt at pity's call,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark, and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

But poor old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He had a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffle on his shirt.

His neighbours he did not abuse;
Was sociable and gay;
He wore not rights and lefts for shoes,
But changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He never brought to view;
Nor made a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And every body said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

“THE SORROWFUL DEATH OF PETER GRAY AND LIZIANNY QUÈRL.”

“My song is of a nice young man
Whose name was Peter Gray;
The State where Peter Gray was born
Was Pennsylvani-a.

“This Peter Gray did fall in love
All with a nice young girl;
The name of her I’m positive
Was Lizianny Querl.

“When they were going to be wed,
Her father, he said ‘No !’
And brutally did send her off
Beyond the Ohi-o.

“When Peter found his love was lost,
He knew not what to say ;
He’d half a mind to jump into
The Susquehanni-a.

“A-trading he went to the West,
For furs and other skins,
And there he was in crimson dress’d
By bloody In-ji-ins.

“When Lizianny heard the news
She straightway went to bed,
And never did get off of it
Until she di-i-ed !

“Ye fathers all a warning take—
Each one as has a girl—
And think upon poor Peter Gray
And Lizianny Querl.”

Anonymous.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

“WHEREFORE starts my bosom lord ?
Why this anguish in thine eye ?
Oh, it seems as thy heart’s chord
Had broken with that sigh !

“ Rest thee, my dear lord, I pray,
 Rest thee on my bosom now !
And let me wipe the dews away,
 Are gathering on thy brow.

“ There again ! that fevered start !
 What, love ! husband ! is thy pain ?
There is a sorrow on thy heart,
 A weight upon thy brain !

“ Nay, nay, that sickly smile can ne'er
 Deceive affection's searching eye ;
'Tis a wife's duty, love, to share
 Her husband's agony.

“ Since the dawn began to peep,
 Have I lain with stifled breath ;
Heard thee moaning in thy sleep,
 As thou wert at grips with death.

“ Oh, what joy it was to see
 My gentle lord once more awake !
Tell me, what is amiss with thee !
 Speak, or my heart will break !”

“ Mary, thou angel of my life,
 Thou ever good and kind ;
'Tis not, believe me, my dear wife,
 The anguish of the mind !

“ It is not in my bosom, dear,
 No, nor my brain, in sooth ;
But Mary, oh, I feel it here,
 Here in my wisdom tooth !

“Then give,—oh, first best antidote,—
Sweet partner of my bed !
Give me thy flannel petticoat
To wrap around my head !”

W. E. AYTOUN.

UNCLE JAMIE.

WEEL the bairns may mak' their mane,
Uncle Jamie's dead and gane !
Though his hairs were thin an' gray,
Few like him could brisk and play.
Fresh and warm his kindly heart
Wi' the younkers aye took part ;
An' the merry sangs he sung
Charm'd the hearts o' auld an' young.

Uncle Jamie had a mill,
An' a wee mouse it intill,
Wi' a little bell to ring,
An' a supple-jack to fling ;
An' a drummer, rud-de-dud,
On a little drum to thud,
An' a mountit bold dragoon,
Ridin' a' the lave aboon.

When the mousie drove the mill,
Wi' the bairns the house would fill ;
Such a clatter then began !
Faster aye the mousie ran !

Clinkum, clankum ! rad-de-dad !
Flang the supple-jack like mad !
Gallop went the bold dragoon,
As he would gallop owre the moon !

Some, wha aiblins think they're wise,
Uncle's frolics may despise ;
Let them look as grave's they may,
He was wiser far than they.
Thousands a' the warld would gi'e
Could they feel as blithe as he.
Weel the bairns may mak' their mane,
Uncle Jamie's dead an' gane !

ALEXANDER SMART.

THE FINE ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN.

Now all good fellows listen, and a story I will tell
Of a mighty clever gentleman, who lives extremely
well
In the western part of Arkansas, close to the Indian
line,
Where he gets drunk once a week on whiskey, and im-
mediately sobers himself completely on the very
best of wine ;
A fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line !
This fine Arkansas gentleman has a mighty fine estate
Of five or six thousand acres or more of land, that will
be worth a great deal some day or other, if he
don't kill himself too soon, and will only conde-
scend to wait ;

And four or five dozen negroes that would rather work
than not,
And such quantities of horses, and cattle, and pigs, and
other poultry, that he never pretends to know
how many he has got:
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman has built a splendid house,
On the edge of a big prairie, extremely well populated
with deer, and hares, and grouse;
And when he wants to feast his friends, he has nothing
more to do
Than to leave the potlid off, and the decently behaved
birds fly straight into the pot, knowing he'll
shoot 'em if they don't, and he has a splendid
stew,
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Indian line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman makes several hundred
bales,
Unless from drought, or worm, a bad stand, or some
other d—d contingency, his crop is short, or
fails;
And when its picked, and ginned, and baled, he puts it
in a boat,
And gets aboard himself likewise, and charters the bar,
and has a devil of a spree, while down to New
Orleans he and his cotton float,
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

And when he gets to New Orleans he sacks a clothing store,

And puts up at the City Hotel, the St. Louis, the St. Charles, the Verandah, and all the other hotels in the city, if he succeeds in finding any more; Then he draws upon his merchant, and goes about and treats

Every man from Kentucky, and Arkansas, and Alabama, and Virginia, and the Choctaw nation, and every other d—d vagabond he meets!

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

The last time he went down there, when he thought of going back,

After staying about fifteen days or less, he discovered that by lending and by spending, and being a prey in general to gamblers, hackmen, loafers, brokers, hosiers, tailors, servants, and many other individuals, white and black,

He'd distributed his assets, and got rid of all his means, And had nothing left to show for them, barring two or three headaches, an invincible thirst, and an extremely general and promiscuous acquaintance in the aforesaid New Orleans;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

Now how this gentleman got home, is neither here nor there,

But I've been credibly informed that he swore worse than forty-seven pirates, and fiercely combed his hair;

And after he got safely home, they say he took an oath
That he'd never bet a cent again at any game of cards;
and, moreover, for want of decent advisers, he
forswore whisky and women both;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman went strong for Pierce and
King,

And so came on to Washington to get a nice fat office,
or some other mighty comfortable thing;

But like him from Jerusalem that went to Jericho,
He fell among the thieves again, and could not win a
bet whether he coppered or not, so his cash was
bound to go—

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

So when his moneys all were gone he took unto his bed,
And Dr. Reyburn physicked him, and the chambermaid,
who had a great affection for him, with her arm
held up his head;

And all his friends came weeping round, and bidding him
adieu,

And two or three dozen preachers, whom he didn't know
at all, and didn't care a curse if he didn't, came
praying for him too,

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

They closed his eyes and spread him out all ready for
the tomb,

And merely to console themselves, they opened the big-
gest kind of a game of faro right there in his own
room;

But when he heard the checks he flung the linen off his face,
And sung out just precisely as he used to do when he was alive, "Prindle, don't turn! hold on! I go twenty on the king, and copper on the ace!"
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

ALBERT PIKE.

NOWADAYS.

"ALAS! how every thing has changed
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore homespun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw
That tied beneath the chin,
The shawl laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.

"I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadow, rock, and field,
And up and down the hill:
And when 'our folks' were out at work
(It never made me thinner),
I jumped upon a horse, bare back,
And carried them their dinner.

"Dear me! young ladies nowadays
Would almost faint away
To think of riding all alone,
In wagon, chaise, or sleigh:

And as for giving 'pa' his meals,
Or helping 'ma' to bake,
Oh dear ! 'twould spoil the lily hands,
Though sometimes they make cake.

"When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter ;
Each beau would take his sweetheart out
Sleigh-riding in a cutter.
Or, if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together
Would meet and have the best of fun,
And 'never mind the weather !'

"But now, indeed it grieves me much,
The circumstance to mention,
However kind the young man's heart,
And honest his intention ;
He never asks the girls to ride,
But *such* a man is caged ;
And if he sees her once a week,
Why, surely 'They're engaged !'"

Anonymous.

THE MISHAP.

"Why art thou weeping, sister ?
Why is thy cheek so pale ?
Look up, dear Jane, and tell me
What is it thou dost ail ?

“I know thy will is froward,
Thy feelings warm and keen,
And that *that* Augustus Howard
For weeks has not been seen.

“I know how much you loved him ;
But I know thou dost not weep
For him ;—for though his passion be,
His purse is noways deep.

“Then tell me why those teardrops ?
What means this woeful mood ?
Say, has the tax-collector
Been calling, and been rude ?

“Or has that hateful grocer,
The slave ! been here to-day ?
Of course he had, by morrow’s noon,
A heavy bill to pay ?

“Come, on thy brother’s bosom
Unburden all thy woes ;
Look up, look up, sweet sister ;
Nay, sob not through thy nose.”

“Oh, John, ‘tis not the grocer,
For his account; although
However he is to be paid,
I really do not know.

“’Tis not the tax-collector ;
Though by his fell command
They’ve seized our old paternal clock,
And new umbrella stand !

“Nor that Augustus Howard,
Whom I despise almost,—
But the soot’s come down the chimney, John,
And fairly spoiled the roast !”

W. E. AYTOUN.

THE OLD CLOCK.

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way ;
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will,
Sent for the landlord and the bill ;
Will looked it over ; “Very right—
But hold ! what wonder meets my sight ?
Tom ! the surprise is quite a shock !”—
“What wonder ? where ?”—“The clock ! the clock !”

Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke ;
At last the landlord silence broke :

“You mean the clock that’s ticking there ?
I see no wonder, I declare ;
Though may be, if the truth were told,
'Tis rather ugly—somewhat old ;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute.
But, if you please, what wonder’s in it ?”

“ Tom, don’t you recollect,” said Will,
“ The clock at Jersey near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant ?”
Will ended with a knowing wink—
Tom scratched his head, and tried to think.
“ Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,”
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
“ What wager was it ?”

“ You remember
It happened, Tom, in last December,
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do,
To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till one hour should close,
Still ‘ *here she goes—and there she goes!*’—
He lost the bet in half a minute.”

“ Well, if I would, the deuce is in it !”
Exclaimed the landlord ; “ try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet.”
“ Agreed, but we will play some trick
To make you of the bargain sick !”
“ I’m up to that !”

“ Don’t make us wait ;
Begin, the clock is striking eight.”
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all his might,
And hoarse his voice, and hoarser grows,
With “ *here she goes—and there she goes !*”

“ Hold !” said the Yankee, “ plank the ready !
The landlord wagged his finger steady,
While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.
“ Tom, with the money let’s be off !”
This made the landlord only scoff ;
He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair ;
Thought he, “ The fools ! I’ll bite them yet !
So poor a trick shan’t win the bet.”
And loud and loud the chorus rose
Of “ *here she goes—and there she goes !* ”
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in, to see
Her daughter ; “ Where is Mrs. B—— ?
When will she come, as you suppose ?
Son !”

“ *Here she goes—and there she goes !* ”

“ Here !—where ?”—the lady in surprise
His finger followed with her eyes ;
“ Son, why that steady gaze and sad ?
Those words—that motion—are you mad ?
But here’s your wife—perhaps she knows
And”—

“ *Here she goes—and there she goes !* ”

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
And rushed to him and seized his arm ;
He shook her off, and to and fro
His fingers persevered to go.

While curled his very nose with ire,
That *she* against him should conspire,
And with more furious tone arose
The “*Here she goes—and there she goes!*”

“Lawks!” screamed the wife, “I’m in a whirl!
Run down and bring the little girl;
She is his darling, and who knows
But”—
“*Here she goes—and there she goes!*”

“Lawks! he is mad! what made him thus?
Good Lord! what will become of us?
Run for a Doctor—run—run—run—
For Doctor Brown, and Doctor Dun,
And Doctor Black, and Doctor White,
And Doctor Grey, with all your might.”

The doctors came and looked and wondered,
And shook their heads, and paused and pondered,
Till one proposed he should be bled,
“No—leached you mean,” the other said—
“Clap on a blister,” roared another,
“No—cup him”—“No—trepan him, brother!”
A sixth would recommend a purge,
The next would an emetic urge,
The eighth, just come from a dissection,
His verdict gave for an injection;
The last produced a box of pills,
A certain cure for earthly ills;
“I had a patient yesternight,”
Quoth he, “and wretched was her plight,

And as the only means to save her,
Three dozen patent pills I gave her,
And by to-morrow, I suppose
That"—

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"You all are fools," the lady said,
"The way is, just to shave his head,
Run, bid the barber come anon"—
"Thanks, mother," thought her clever son,
"You help the knaves that would have bit me,
But all creation shan't out-wit me!"
Thus to himself, while to and fro
His finger perseveres to go,
And from his lips no accent flows
But "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

The barber came—"Lord help him! what
A queerish customer I've got;
But we must do our best to save—
So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
But here the doctors interpose—
"A woman never"—
"There she goes!"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
Not even when her baby *is* sick.
He must be bled"—"No—no—a blister"—
"A purge you mean"—"I say a clyster"—
"No—cup him"—"Leech him"—"Pills! pills! pills!"
And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that shiver?
 The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,
 And triumph brightens up his face—
 His finger yet shall win the race!
 The clock is on the stroke of nine—
 And up he starts—“‘Tis mine! ‘tis mine!”
 “What do you mean?”

“I mean the fifty!
 I never spent an hour so thrifty;
 But you, who tried to make me lose,
 Go, burst with envy, if you choose!
 But how is this! where are they?”

“Who?”
 “The gentlemen—I mean the two
 Came yesterday—are they below?”
 “They galloped off an hour ago.”
 “Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!
 For, hang the knaves, I’m mad indeed!”

JAMES NACK.

THE HUSBAND'S PETITION.

Come hither, my heart's darling,
 Come, sit upon my knee,
 And listen, while I whisper
 A boon I ask of thee.
 You need not pull my whiskers
 So amorously, my dove;
 'Tis something quite apart from
 The gentle cares of love.

I feel a bitter craving—
A dark and deep desire,
That glows beneath my bosom
Like coals of kindled fire.
The passion of the nightingale,
When singing to the rose,
Is feebler than the agony
That murders my repose !

Nay, dearest ! do not doubt me,
Though madly thus I speak—
I feel thy arms about me,
Thy tresses on my cheek :
I know the sweet devotion
That links thy heart with mine,—
I know my soul's emotion
Is doubly felt by thine :

And deem not that a shadow
Hath fallen across my love :
No, sweet, my love is shadowless,
As yonder heaven above.
These little taper fingers—
Ah, Jane ! how white they be !—
Can well supply the cruel want
That almost maddens me.

Thou wilt not sure deny me
My first and fond request ;
I pray thee by the memory
Of all we cherish best—

By all the dear remembrance
 Of those delicious days
 When, hand in hand, we wander'd
 Along the summer braes ;

By all we felt, unspoken,
 When 'neath the early moon,
 We sat beside the rivulet,
 In the leafy month of June ;
 And by the broken whisper
 That fell upon my ear,
 More sweet than angel music,
 When first I woo'd thee, dear !

By that great vow which bound thee
 For ever to my side,
 And by the ring that made thee
 My darling and my bride !
 Thou wilt not fail nor falter,
 But bend thee to the task—
 A BOILED SHEEP'S HEAD ON SUNDAY
 Is all the boon I ask !

W. E. AYTOUN.

THE YANKEE RECRUIT.

MR. BUCKINUM, the follerin billet was writ hum by a Yung feller of our town that was cussed fool enough to goe atrottin inter Miss Chiff arter a Drum and fife. It ain't Natur for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that he went into off his own free will and a Cord, but I rather calc'late he's middlin tired o' volunteerin By this time. I bleeve u may put dependunts on his statemence. For I

never heerd nothin bad on him let Alone his havin what Parson Wilbur calz a *pongshong* for cocktales, and says it was a soshiashun of idees sot him agoin arter the Crootin Sargent cos he wore a cocktale onto his hat.

His Folks gin the letter to me and I shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter Bee printed. Send it to Mr. Buckinum, ses he, I don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time, ses he, I *du* like a feller that ain't a Feared.

I have interspussed a few refleckshuns here and thair. We're kind o' preast with Hayin.

Ewers respecfly,

HOSEA BIGLOW.

THIS kind o' sogerin' ain't a mite like our October trainin',
 A chap could clear right out from there ef't only looked like rainin',
 An' th' Curnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes with bandanners,
 An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-room with their banners,
 (Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted,) an' a feller could cry quarter,
 Ef he fired away his ramrod artur tu much rum an' water.
 Recollect wot fun we hed, you 'n I an' Ezry Hollis,
 Up there to Waltham plain last fall, ahavin the Cornwallis;
 This sort o' thing ain't *jest* like that—I wish that I wuz furder,—
 Ninepunce a day fer killin' folks, comes kind o' low for murder,

(Wy I've worked out to slarterin' some fer Deacon Cephas Billins,

An' in the hardest times there wuz, I ollers tetched ten shillins,)

There's suthin' gits into my throat thet makes it hard to swaller,

It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar ;

It's glory,—but in spite o' all my tryin' to git callous,
I feel kind o' in a cart, aridin' to the gallus.

But when it comes to *bein'* killed,—I tell ye I felt streaked

The fust time ever I found out wy baggonets wuz peaked ;

Here's how it wuz : I started out to go to a fandango,
The sentinel he ups an' sez, "That's furder 'an you can go."

"None o' your sarse," ses I ; ses he, " Stan' back!"
"Ain't you a buster?"

Sez I, "I'm up to all that air, I guess I've ben to muster ;

I know wy sentinelz air sot ; you aint agoin to eat us ;
Caleb haint no monopoly to court the scenoreetas ;

My folks to hum hir full ez good ez hisn be, by golly!"

An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin' wut would folly,
The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-pronged pitchfork in me

An' made a hole right through my close ez ef I was an in'my.

Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin' in old Funnel

Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword to our Leftenant

Cunnle,

(It's Mister Secondary Bolles, thet writ the prize peace
essay;
Thet's wy he didn't list himself along o' us, I dessay,) An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud, but don't put *his*
foot in it,
Coz human life's so sacred that he's principled agin
it,—
Though I myself can't rightly see it's any wus achokin'
on 'em
Than puttin' bullets through their lights, or with a bag-
net pokin' on 'em;
How dreffle slick he reeled it off, (like Blitz at our
lyceam
Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so quick you skeercely
see 'em,) About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons would be
handy
To du the buryin' down here upon the Rio Grandy),
About our patriotic pas an' our star-spangled banner,
Our country's bird alookin' on an' singin' out hosan-
ner,
An' how he (Mr. B. himself) wuz happy fer Ameriky,—
I felt, ez sister Patience sez, a leetle mite histericky.
I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a dreffle kind o' privi-
lege
Atrampin' round thru Boston streets among the gutter's
drivilage;
I act'lly thought it wuz a treat to hear a little drum-
min',
An' it did bonyfidy seem millanyum wuz acomin';

Wen all on us got suits (darned like them wore in the state prison),
An' every feller felt ez though all Mexico was hisn.

This 'ere's about the meanest place a skunk could wal diskiver,
(Saltillo's Mexican, I b'lieve, for wut we call salt river).

The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat does bet all natur,
I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one good blue-nose tatur;

The country here thet Mister Bolles declared to be so charmin',

Throughout is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o' varmin'.

He talked about delishes froots, but then it was a wopper all,

The hull on't's mud and prickly pears, with here and there a chapparal;

You see a feller peekin' out, an' fust you know, a lariat Is round your throat an' you a copse, 'fore you can say, "Wut air ye at?"

You never see sech darned gret bugs (it may not be irrelevant

To say I've seen a *scarabæus pilularius* big ez a year old elephant,)

The regiment come up one day in time to stop a red bug

From runnin off with Curnel Wright—'t wuz jest a common *cimex lectularius*.

One night I started up on eend an' thought I wuz to
hum agin,
I heern a horn, thinks I it's Sol the fisherman hez come
agin,
His bellowses is sound enough,—ez I'm a livin' creeter,
I felt a thing go thru my leg,—'t wuz nothin' more 'n a
skeeter !
Then there's the yeller fever tu, they call it here el
vomito,—
(Come, thet wun't du, you landcrab there, I tell ye to le'
go my toe !
My gracious ! it's a scorpion thet's took a shine to play
with 't,
I dars n't skeer the tarnel thing fer fear he'd run away
with 't.)

Afore I came away from hum I hed a strong persuasion
Thet Mexicans worn't human beans,—an ourang outang
nation,
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never dream on 't
arter,
No more 'n a feller 'd dream o' pigs thet he had hed to
slarter ;
I'd an idee thet they were built arter the darkie fashion
all,
An' kickin' colored folks about, you know, 's a kind o'
national;
But when I jined I wan't so wise ez that air queen o'
Sheby,
Fer, come to look at 'em, they aint much diff'rent from
wut we be,

An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o' thir own dominions,
Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's pinions,
Wich means to take a feller up jest by the slack o' 's trowsis
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes an' houses;
Wal, it does seem a curus way, but then hooraw fer Jackson!
It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's reg'lar Anglo-Saxon.
The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say, they piz'n all the water,
An' du amazin' lots o' things thet is n't wut they ough' ter;
Bein' they haint no lead, they make their bullets out o' copper,
An' shoot the darned things at us, tu, wich Caleb sez aint proper;
He sez they 'd ough' to stan' right up an' let us pop 'em fairly,
(Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet he'll hev to git up airly,)
Thet our nation's bigger'n theirn an' so its rights air bigger,
An' thet it 's all to make 'em free thet we air pullin' trigger,
Thet Anglo-Saxondom's idee's abreakin' 'em to pieces,
An' that idee 's thet every man doos jest wut he damn *pleases*;

Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, perhaps in some re-spex I can,
I know that "every man" don't mean a nigger or a Mexican;
An' there's another thing I know, an' that is, ef these creeturs
Thet stick an Anglo-Saxon mask onto State prison feeturs,
Should come to Jalem Centre fer to argify an' spout on 't,
The gals 'ould count the silver spoons the minnit they cleared out on 't.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur,
And ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes, I'd home agin short meter;
Oh! would n't I be off, quick time, ef 't worn't that I wuz sartin
They'd let the daylight into me to pay me fer desar-tin!
I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but jest to you I may state
Our ossifers aint wut they wuz afore they left the Bay state;
Then it wuz "Mister Sawin, sir, you're middlin' well now, be ye?"
Step up an' take a nipper, sir; I'm dreffle glad to see ye;"
But now it's "Ware's my eppylet? here, Sawin, step an' fetch it!"

An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spry, or dam ye, you
shall ketch it!"

Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will bile so, but by
mighty,

If I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd give 'em linkum vity,
I'd play the rogue's march on their hide an' other music
follerin'—

But I must close my letter here for one on 'em 's a
hollerin',

These Anglo-Saxon ossifers—wal, taint no use ajawin',
I'm safe enlisted fer the war,

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,

Yielding not;

When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot!

When the files
Of the Isles,

From the smoky night encampment
Before the banner of the rampant

Unicorn;

And grummer, grummer, grummer,
Rolled the roll of the drummer
Through the morn.

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires ;
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in flames flashing redly,
 Blazed the fires.

As the swift
 Billows drift,
Drove the dark bottle breakers
O'er the green sodded acres,
 Of the plain ;
And louder, louder, louder,
Cracked the black gunpowder,
 Cracked amain !

Then like smiths at their forges
Labored red St. George's
 Cannoniers,
And the villainous saltpetre
Rung a fierce discordant metre,
 Round our ears ;
Like the roar
 On a shore,
Rose the horse guards' clangor,
As they rode in roaring anger
 On our flanks ;
And higher, higher, higher,
Burned the old fashioned fire
 Through the ranks !

Then the bare headed colonel
Galloped through the white infernal

Powder cloud,
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
 Trumpet loud !
 And the blue
 Bullets flew,
And the trooper jacket reddened
At the touch of his leaden
 Rifle's breath !
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six pounder !
 Hurling death.

THE ALARMED SKIPPER.

MANY a long, long year ago,
 Nantucket skippers had a plan,
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
 How near New York their schooners ran.
They greased the lead before it fell,
 And then, by sounding, through the night,
Knowing the soil, that stuck so well,
 They always guessed their reckoning right.
A skipper grey, whose eyes were dim,
 Could tell, by tasting, just the spot;
And so, below, he'd "dowse the glim,"
 After, of course, his "something hot."
Snug in his berth at eight o'clock,
 This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock,
 He slept; for skippers' naps are sound !

The watch on deck would, now and then,
Run down, and wake him, with the lead ;
He'd up, and taste ; and tell the men,
How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag, the pedler's son ;
And so he mused, (the wanton wretch,)
" To-night, I'll have a grain of fun.

" We're all a set of stupid fools,
To think the skipper knows, by tasting,
What ground he's on. Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting."

And so he took the well greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth,
That stood on deck, (a parsnip bed,)
And, then, he sought the skipper's berth.

" Where are we now, sir ? Please to taste."
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then oped his eyes, in wondrous haste ;
And then upon the floor he sprung.

The skipper stormed and tore his hair ;
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,
" Nantucket's sunk ! and here we are,
Right over old Dame Hackett's garden !"

J. T. FIELD.

THE GASCON PEASANT AND THE FLIES.

AT Neuchatel, in France, where they prepare
Cheeses, that set us longing to be mites,
There dwelt a farmer's wife, famed for her rare
Skill in these small, quadrangular delights.
Where they were made, they were sold for the im-
mense
Price of three sous apiece ;
But as salt water made their charms increase,
In England, the fixed rate was eighteen pence.
This damsel had to keep her in her farm,
To milk her cows, and feed her hogs,
A Gascon peasant with a sturdy arm
For digging, or for carrying logs :
But, in his noddle weak as any baby ;
In fact a gaby :
And such a glutton, when you came to feed him,
That Wantley's dragon, who "ate barns and churches,
As if they were geese and turkeys,"
(Vide the ballad,) scarcely could exceed him.
One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
Of cream, like nectar !
And wouldn't go to church, (good careful soul !)
Till she had left it safe with a protector :
So, she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon
To watch it, while his mistress was to mass gone.
Watch it he did ; he never took his eyes off,
But licked his upper, then his under lip,
And doubled up his fist, to drive the flies off,

Begrudging them the smallest sip ;
Which, if they got,
Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
And cried, " Oh happy, happy fly !
How I do envy you your lot."

Each moment did his appetite grow stronger ;
His bowels yearned ;
At length, he could not bear it any longer,
But on all sides his looks he turned,
And, finding that the coast was clear, he quaffed
The whole up at a draught.

Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
Flew to the dairy ;
But stood aghast, and could not for her life
One sentence mutter,
Until she summoned breath enough to utter
" Holy St. Mary !"
And shortly, with a face of scarlet,
The vixen (for she was a vixen) flew
Upon the varlet ;
Asking the when, and where, and how, and who,
Had gulped her cream, nor left an atom ?
To which he made not *separate* replies,
But with a look of excellent digestion,
One answer made to *every* question :
" The flies."

" The flies, you rogue !—the flies, you guttling dog !
Behold, your *whiskers* still are covered thickly ;

Thief ! Liar ! Villain ! Gormandizer ! Hog !
I'll make you tell another story, quickly."
So out she bounced, and brought with loud alarms,
 Two stout Gens d'Armes,
Who bore him to the Judge :—a little prig,
 With angry bottle nose,
 Like a red cabbage-rose,
While lots of *white* ones flourished on his wig.
Looking at once both stern and wise,
 He turned to the delinquent,
And 'gan to question him, and catechise
 As to which way the drink went.
Still the same dogged answers rise,
" The flies, my lord,—the flies, the flies."

" Pshaw," quoth the Judge, half peevish, and half pom-
 pous,
 " Why, you're *non-compos* ;
You should have watched the bowl, as she desired,
 And killed the flies, you stupid clown."
" What ! is it lawful then," the dolt inquired,
" To *kill* the flies, in *this here* town ?"
" The man's an ass !—What question's this ?
Lawful ! you booby,—to be sure it is :
You've my authority where'er you meet 'em,
To kill the rogues, and if you like, to eat 'em !"

" Zooks," cried the rustic, " I'm right glad to hear it.
 Constable, catch that thief ! may I go hang,
If yonder blue bottle (I know his face)
 Is not the very leader of the gang,

That stole the cream ; let me come near it.”
This said, he darted from his place,
And, aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows
At a large fly upon the Judge’s nose,
The luckless blue bottle he smashed ;
And gratified a double grudge ;
For the same catapult completely crashed
The bottle nose belonging to the Judge !

WOLCOT.

SOUR GRAPES.

My love, thou’rt fairer than the dawn
Of April’s brightest day,
And the beauty of thy cheek outvies
The loveliest tints of May !

The odoriferous perfumes
That load the spicy gale,
To thy sweet, life-inspiring breath,
Are virtueless, and stale.

Oh, how enchantingly around
That polished neck of thine,
Those artless raven tresses bright,
In glossy ringlets twine !

And then they wave so feelingly
O’er fields of purest pearl,
Ten thousand beauties sport around
Each captivating curl !

Those eyes, do turn them, dear, away
 So ravishingly they roll,
Those sun-eclipsing diamonds,
 They pierce my inmost soul.

Those lips, how do they sparkle forth
 The ruby's brightest glow !
And thy neck outshines in purity
 The winter's drifted snow !

Thy voice, Oh ! how divinely sweet,
 'Tis like the seraph's note,
And, fairy-like, an angel form
 Seems in the air to float.

Words cannot tell, nor thought can dream
 The pangs I undergo
For thee—and wilt thou not be mine
 My lovely angel ! No ?

Zounds ! you red-haired freckled thing—
 You garlic-breathed old maid !
You raw-boned, crooked, overgrown,
 Ungainly, croaking jade !

What ! rid of thee ? Ye lucky stars !
 I'm thunder-struck with joy !
I wouldn't marry such a chub
 For all the wealth of Troy !

Anonymous.

LOVE, MURDER, AND MATRIMONY.

IN Manchester a maiden dwelt,
Her name was Phœbe Brown,
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
And she was considered by good judges to
be by all odds the best looking girl in town.

Her age was nearly seventeen,
Her eyes were sparkling bright,
A very lovely girl she was,
And for about a year and a half there had
been a young man paying his attention to her by the
name of Reuben Wright.

Now Reuben was a nice young man
As any in the town,
And Phœbe loved him very dear,
But, on account of his being obliged to work
for a living, he never could make himself agreeable to
old Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Her parents were resolved
Another she should wed,
A rich old miser in the place,
And old Brown frequently declared, that
rather than have his daughter marry Reuben Wright,
he'd sooner knock him in the head.

But Phœbe's heart was brave and strong,
She feared not her parent's frowns,

And as for Reuben Wright so bold,

I've heard him say more than fifty times
that (with the exception of Phœbe) he didn't care a
cent for the whole race of Browns.

So Phœbe Brown and Reuben Wright

Determined they would marry;

Three weeks ago last Tuesday night,

They started for old Parson Webster's, de-
termined to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony,
though it was tremendous dark, and rained like the old
Harry.

But Captain Brown was wide awake,

He loaded up his gun,

And then pursued the loving pair;

He overtook 'em when they'd got about
half way to the Parson's, and then Reuben and Phœbe
started off upon the run.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim

Toward young Reuben's head,

But, Oh ! it was a bleeding shame,

He made a mistake, and shot his only
daughter, and had the unspeakable anguish of seeing her
drop right down stone dead.

Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart,

And vengeance crazed his brain,

He drew an awful jack-knife out,

And plunged it into old Brown about fifty
or sixty times, so that it's very doubtful about his ever
coming to again.

The briny drops from Reuben's eyes
In torrents poured down,
He yielded up the ghost and died,
And in this melancholy and heart-rending
manner terminates the history of Reuben and Phœbe,
and likewise old Captain Brown.

Anonymous.

SAINT PATRICK.

A fig for St. Dennis of France,
He's a trumpery fellow to brag on ;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
Which spitted a heathenish dragon ;
And the Saints of the Welshman or Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
Compared with the patron of swipers,
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear !

He came to the Emerald Isle
On a lump of a paving-stone mounted ;
The steamboat he beat to a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted :
Says he, " The salt water, I think,
Has made me most bloodily thirsty,
So bring me a flagon of drink,
To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye,
Of drink that is fit for a saint."

He preach'd then with wonderful force,
The ignorant natives a-teaching ;
With a pint he wash'd down his discourse,
" For," says he, " I detest your dry preaching."
The people, with wonderment struck
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaim'd, " We're for you, my old buck,
And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,
Who dwells in hot water below."

This ended, our worshipful spoon
Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice each cool afternoon
Was to get most delightfully mellow.
That day, with a black jack of beer,
It chanced he was treating a party ;
Says the saint, " This good day, do you hear,
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty,
So give me a pull at the pot."

The pewter he lifted in sport,
(Believe me, I tell you no fable,)
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then planted it full on the table.
" A miracle !" every one said,
And they all took a haul at the stingo ;
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo !
The pot still frothed over the brim.

Next day, quoth his host, " 'Tis a fast,
But I've nought in my larder but mutton,
And on Fridays who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton?"
Says Pat, " Cease your nonsense, I beg,
What you tell me is nothing but gammon;
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!"
And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes, in a manner most antic,
He march'd to the county Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence not to use water for drink
The people of Ireland determine;
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. Patrick has fill'd it with vermin,
And vipers, and other such stuff.

Oh! he was an elegant blade,
As you'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcrumper,
And though under the sod he is laid,
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
I wish he was here, that my glass
He might by art magic replenish;
But as he is not, why, alas!
My ditty must come to a finish—
Because all the liquor is out!

WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

LAMENT OF A YOUNG LADY.

It's really very singular,
I cannot make it out,
I've many beaux, yet none propose—
What are they all about ?
There's Mr. Baily comes here daily,
To dinner and to doze ;
He smiles and sighs, looks very wise,
And yet he don't propose.

I'm sonnetized, I'm poetized,
I'm paragraphed on paper ;
They vow, although I'm very stout,
My waist is very taper ;
That I've a very Grecian face,
And rather a Grecian nose,
Yet seeing this, it's quite amiss,
That none of them propose.

That Colonel Tancers, of the Lancers,
Sometimes looks speechless things ;
He smiles and sighs, has coal black eyes,
And Oh, the songs he sings !
He does not want encouragement,
Enough of that, Heaven knows !
And then his air, so militaire—
Oh, if he would propose !

They steal my pocket handkerchief—
They pray for locks of hair—
They ask me for my hand——to dance,
They praise my grace and air ;

There's Mr. Dyson fond of hyson,
I wonder he don't close :
I make his tea, he smiles on me,
And yet he don't propose !

At park or play, by night or day,
They follow me about ;
Riding or walking, singing or talking,
At revel, masque, or rout !
My father thinks it very hard,
That out of all the beaux,
Who come to dine, and drink his wine,
None of them will propose.

Yes, it is very singular,
I've half a mind to pout ;
Of all the beaux, none will propose—
What do they dream about ?
However, now my mind's resolved :
In poetry or prose,
Whate'er ensue, or false or true,
One of them shall propose.

Anonymous.

TRAGIC FATE OF MRS. CAUDLE.

MR. CAUDLE had a scolding wife ;
(A most uncommon thing in life ;)
His days and nights were spent in strife unceasing.
Her tongue went glibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction, still her song,
And all the poor man did was wrong and ill done.

A truce without doors, or within,
From speeches long as tradesmen spin,
Or rest from her eternal din, he found not.
He every soothing art displayed ;
Tried of what stuff her skin was made :
Failing in all, to heaven he prayed, to take her.

Once walking by a river side,
In mournful terms, " My dear ! " he cried,
" No more let feuds our peace divide—I'll end them.
Weary of life, and quite resigned,
To drown I have made up my mind,
So tie my hands as fast behind, as can be,—
" Or nature may assert her reign,
My arms assist, my will restrain,
And, swimming, I once more regain my troubles."
With eager haste the dame complies,
While joy stands glistening in her eyes ;
Already in her thoughts, he dies before her.
" Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
Nature revolts "—he said ; " beside,
I would not be a suicide, and die thus.
It would be better, far, I think,
While close I stand upon the brink,
You push me in,—nay, never shrink—but do it."
To give the blow the more effect,
Some twenty yards she ran direct,
And did what she could least expect she should do.
He slips aside himself to save,
So souse ! she dashes in the wave,
And gave what ne'er before she gave—much pleasure.

“Dear husband, help ! I sink !” she cried ;
“Thou best of wives,”—the man replied,
“I would, but you my hands have tied—Heaven help you.”

Anonymous.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies wife second of old Wing Rogers
She's safe from care, and I from bothers !
If Death had known thee as well as I,
He ne'er had stopped but passed thee by.
I wish him joy, but much I fear
He'll rue the day he came thee near.

Anonymous.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

DOWN-EAST poetry is riz. “A subscriber from the commencement,” who hails from the State of Maine, says: “Our friend the apothecary had the misfortune to lose a valuable dog. But there was still spared to him an apprentice boy, aspiring to mortar-and-pestle honors, who mourned the decease of the dog, and let himself and his grief out in the following highly-finished ‘pome,’ ”

Young Dog “Bro” was very playful,
The cat could not drive him away ;
His hair was black and beautiful—
But he's gone far away, far away.

He was owned by my bachelor friend,
The trader near the foot of the hill ;
Who amused himself and his friends
In letting him play with the cat and squirrel.

He was coming from dinner one day
With his master and Parcher,
When he fell from the bridge on to the
Ice below and broke his neck.
His skin was taken off by the doctor,
Who made an examination post mortem,
And declared that he died from dislocation
Of the spinal column in falling from the bridge
On the 18th of Dec., 1856.
Anonymous.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

HABITS are stubborn things;
And, by the time a man is turned of forty,
His ruling passion's grown so naughty
There is no clipping of its wings.
This truth will best be shown
By a familiar instance of our own.

Dick Strype
Was a dear friend, and lover of the pipe;
He used to say, "One pipe of Kirkman's best
Gave life a zest."
To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,
To see the friendly vapor
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room
In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.
So still he smoked and drank, and cracked his joke;
And, had he single tarried,
He might have smoked, and still grown old in smoke,

But—Richard married.
His wife was one who carried
The cleanly virtues almost to a vice,
She was so nice ;
And, thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scoured from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubbed so bright
You dared not walk upright,
For fear of sliding ; *
But that she took a pride in.

Of all things else, Rebecca Strype
Could least endure a pipe ;
She railed upon the filthy herb, tobacco ;
Protested that the noisome vapor
Had spoiled her best chintz curtains and the paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco :
And then she quoted old King James, who saith,
“Tobacco is the Devil’s breath.”
When wives *will* govern, husbands *must* obey ;
For many a day
Dick mourned, and missed his favorite tobacco,
And cursed Rebecca.

At length the day approached his wife must die.
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, and aunts, and cousins,
Who to the funeral came by dozens :
The undertakers, men and mutes,
Stood at the gate in sable suits,
With doleful looks,
Just like so many melancholy rooks.

Now cakes and wine are handed round :
Folks sigh and drink, and drink and sigh,
For grief makes people dry :
But Dick is missing, nowhere to be found ;
Above, below, about,
They searched the house throughout,
Each hall and secret entry,
Quite from the garret to the pantry,
In every cupboard, corner, nook, and shelf,
And all concluded he had hanged himself.
At last they found him—Reader, guess you where ?
'Twill make you stare ;—
Perched on Rebecca's coffin, at his rest,
Smoking a pipe of Kirkman's best !

Anonymous.

OMENS.

To Cato once a frightened Roman flew—
The night before a rat had gnawed his shoe—
Terrible omen by the gods decreed :
“Cheer up, my friend,” said Cato, “mind not that ;
Though if, instead, your shoe had gnawed the rat,
It would have been a fearful sign indeed !”

THE COLD WATER MAN.

THERE lived an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well—
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod ;
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbours thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said,
He never had a wish ;
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a “school of fish.”

This single-minded fisherman
A double calling had,—
To tend his flocks in winter-time,
In summer fish for shad.

In short this honest fisherman,
All other toils forsook ;
And though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by “hook and crook.”

All day that fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he ;
His angles all were right ;
And when he scratched his aged poll,
You'd know he'd got a bite.

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine ;
He found the most convenient way,
Was just to “drop a line.”

And many a “gudgeon” of the pond,
If made to speak to-day,
Would own with grief, this angler had
A mighty “taking way.”

One day, while fishing on the log,
He mourned his want of luck,—
When, suddenly, he felt a bite,
And jerking caught a duck!

Alas! that day the fisherman
Had taken too much grog;
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn’t “keep the log.”

In vain he strove with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore;
Down, down he went to feed the fish
He’d baited oft before.

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear:—
A single “drop too much” of rum,
May make a watery bier.

And he who will not “sign the pledge,”
And keep his promise fast,
May be in spite of fate, a stark
Cold-water man, at last!

JOHN G. SAXE.

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER.

A FELLOW near Kentucky's clime,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver dime,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who would cross the Ohio,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I am this young lady's beau,
And she's John Thompson's daughter.

"We've fled before her father's spite,
With great precipitation,
And should he find us here to-night,
I'd lose my reputation.

"They've missed the girl and purse besides,
His horsemen hard have pressed me,
And who will cheer my bonny bride,
If yet they will arrest me?"

Out spoke the boatman then, in time,
"You shall not fail, don't fear it;
I'll go not for your silver dime,
But for your manly spirit."

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry,
For though a storm is coming on,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the wind more fiercely rose,
The boat was at the landing,
And with the drenching rain their clothes
Grew wet where they were standing.

But still, as wilder rose the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Just back a-piece came the police,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“Oh, haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
“It’s anything but funny,
I’ll leave the light of loving eyes,
But not my father’s money.”

And still they hurried in the face
Of wind and rain unsparing ;
John Thompson reached the landing place,
His wrath was turned to swearing.

For by the lightning’s angry flash,
His child he did discover ;
One lovely hand held all his cash,
And one was round her lover !

“Come back, come back!” he cried in woe,
Across the stormy water ;
“But leave the purse and you may go,
My daughter, O my daughter !”

’Twas vain—they reached the other shore,
(Such dooms the fates assign us,)
The gold he’d piled went with his child,
And he was left there, minus.

Anonymous.

AN HISTORIC SONG, IN THE DUTCH STYLE.

GREAT Britain he was a lion,
And thought his paws were strong ;
I must make sound comparison,
For to finish out my song.
There's a snake, he can grow no bigger
When he has got his length ;
When his head is smashed in pieces,
Then his body has lost his strength.
England has lost America,
So sure as the fire burns,
And he never, never more, will get him back again,
So long as when water runs.
'Twas a terrible foolish thing,
For a parliament and a king,
To quarrel about a dish of tea,
And lose this coun—try.
England has made a foolish turn,
And quite a foolish thing ;
She swopp'd a special cow for a churn,
And thought that churn was cream.
'Twas a very foolish thing,
For a parliament and a king ;
And they'd better, better hang Lord North on a tree
Than to lose this coun—try.
If France and Spain had not join'd with America,
Both on the land and sea,
George King would ha' soon let us know
What for Boston has burn his tea.

But the Lord he was merciful,
And he shear'd off all their wool,
Pulled out their teeth, and hobbled their feet,
And burn'd up all their fleet.

There was Mr. Burgoyne, he came to America,
And he thought his men they had strength :
But the Lord he did turn their joy to fear,
 In every our camp.
Then they wish'd they were at home,
 And they would let us alone,
And they never, never more would fight with a Whig,
 With either gun or stick.

There was Mr. Cornwallis, he travel'd many miles,
 America up and down,
Till at last his kettle it did over boil,
 And the fire got all around.
Then he cried out, " I protest
Mr. George Washington fights the best,
For he is able to smash my kettle and all,
 With his great big cannon-balls.

George Washington will make his hay,
 If it does not rain, neither snow :
His scythes they are hammer'd mighty well,
 And his boys they can bravely mow.
They whet their scythes with a ball
To frighten the English all,
 And every Tory of this land
Who carries a wooden sword.

Then lift up your eyes, who sleep all day,
On pride, on foolishness,
'Tis a special time for to make good hay,
When the sun shines warm on us.
And to show no malice, neither spite,
To them that are willing to fight:
But humble yourselves in the love of peace,
And the Lord he shall send you grace.

Anonymous.

THE TEA TAX.

I SNUM I am a Yankee lad,
And I guess I'll sing a ditty;
And if you do not relish it,
The more will be the pity;
That is, I think, I should have been
A plaguy sight more finished man,
If I'd been born in Boston town;
But I warn't, 'cause I'm a countryman.
Tol lol de ra.
Ri tol de riddle iddle, ri tol de ra.

And t'other day the Yankee folks
Were mad about the taxes,
And so went, like Indians dress'd,
To split tea-chests with axes:
I mean 'twas done in seventy-three,
An' we were real gritty:
The mayor, he would have led the gang,
But Boston warn't a city.
Tol lol de ra, &c.

Ye see we Yankees didn't care
A pin for wealth or booty,
And so, in State Street, we agreed,
We'd never pay the duty;
That is, in State Street 'twould have been,
But 'twas King Street they call'd it then;
And the tax on tea, it was so bad,
The women would not scald it then.
Tol lol de ra, &c.

To Charlestown bridge we all went down,
To see the thing corrected:
That is, we would have gone there,
But the bridge it warn't erected;
The tea, perhaps, was very good;
Bohea, Souchong, or Hyson:
But drinking tea, it warn't the rage,
The duty made it poison.
Tol lol de ra, &c.

And then we went aboard the ships,
Our vengeance to administer,
And didn't care a tarnal bit
For any king or minister;
We made a plaguy mess of tea
In one of the biggest dishes,
I mean we steep'd it in the sea,
And treated all the fishes.
Tol lol de ra, &c.

And then, you see, we were all found out,
A thing we hadn't dreaded :
The leaders were to London sent,
And instantly beheaded ;
That is, I mean, they would have been,
If ever they'd been taken :
But the leaders, they were never catch'd,
And so they saved their bacon.
Tol lol de ra, &c.

Now, Heaven bless the President,
And all this goodly nation ;
And doubly bless our Boston mayor,
And all the corporation ;
And may all those who are our foes,
Or at our praise have falter'd,
Soon have a change—that is, I mean,
May all of them get halter'd.
Tol lol de ra, &c.

Anonymous.

THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS, AND GEORGE THE THIRD.

ONCE in the chase, this monarch drooping,
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered, through curiosity, a cot,
Where an old crone was hanging on the pot ;
The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,

Had apple-dumplings ready for the pot;
 In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
 When lo ! the monarch, in his usual way,
 Like lightning asked, "What's here ? what's here ?
 what ? what ? what ? what ?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
 His eyes with admiration did expand—

And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple ;
 " 'Tis monstrous, monstrous, monstrous hard," he cried ;
 "What makes the thing so hard ?" The dame replied,
 Low courtesying, "Please your majesty, the apple.
 "Very astonishing indeed ! strange thing !"
 (Turning the dumpling round) rejoined the king,
 " 'Tis most extraordinary now, all this is—
 It beats the conjurers' capers all to pieces—
 Strange I should never of a dumpling dream,—
 But Goody, tell me, where, where, where's the seam ?"
 "Sire, there's no seam," quoth she, "I never knew
 That folks did apple-dumplings sew !"—
 "No !" cried the staring monarch with a grin,
 "Then, where, where, where, pray, got the apple in ?"

WOLCOT.

JOHN DAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"A Day after the Fair."—OLD PROVERB.

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man
 Of all the coachman-kind,
 With back too broad to be conceiv'd
 By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wish'd his box a Christmas-box
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armor can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he lov'd,
From whom he never ranged,
For though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day as he was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued ;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town,
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin ;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

Oh ! Mary, view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf ;
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half.

Alas ! in vain he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint ;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint.

Worn out at last he made a vow
To break his being's link ;
For he was so reduced in size
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath,
But John, though he drank nothing else—
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,
 Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw,
 The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
 But that is only talk—
For after riding all his life,
 His ghost objects to walk.

T. HOOD.

COUNTRY ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

SQUEAK the fife and beat the drum,
Independence day is come !
Let the roasting pig be bled,
Quick twist off the cockerel's head ;
Quickly rub the pewter platter,
Heap the nut-cakes, fried in butter ;
Set the cups and beaker-glass,
The pumpkin and the apple-sauce ;
Send the keg to shop for brandy ;
Maple-sugar we have handy.
Independent, staggering Dick,
A noggin mix of swinging thick ;
Sal, put on your russet skirt,
Jotham, get your boughten shirt ;
To-day we dance the tiddle diddle.
—Here comes Sambo with his fiddle ;
Sambo, take a dram of whiskey,
And play up Yankee doodle frisky.

Moll, come, leave your witched tricks,
And let us have a reel of six.
Father and mother shall make two ;
Sal, Moll, and I, stand all a-row.
Sambo, play and dance with quality ;
This is the day of blest equality.
Father and mother are but men,
And Sambo—is a citizen.
Come foot it, Sal—Moll figure in,
And, mother, you dance up to him ;
Now saw as fast as e'er you can do,
And, father, you cross over to Sambo.
Thus we dance, and thus we play,
On glorious Independence day.—
Rub more rosin on your bow,
And let us have another go.
Zounds ! as sure as eggs and bacon,
Here's Ensign Sneak, and Uncle Deacon,
Aunt Thiah, and their Bets behind her,
On blundering mare, than beetle blinder.
And there's the 'squire too, with his lady—
Sal, hold the beast, I'll take the baby.
Moll, bring the 'squire our great arm chair,
Good folks, we're glad to see you here.
Jotham, get the great case bottle,
Your teeth can pull its corn-cob stopple.
Ensign,—Deacon, never mind ;
'Squire, drink until you're blind.
Thus we drink and dance away,
This glorious Independence day !

R. TYLER.

THE GUIDE POST.

IN winter, once, an honest traveling wight
Pursued his road to Derby, late at night ;
'Twas very cold, the wind was bleak and high,
And not a house nor living thing was nigh ;
At length he came to where some four roads met,
(It rained, too, and he was completely wet,)
And being doubtful which way he should take,
He drew up to the finger-post to make
It out—and after much poring, fumbling,
Some angry oaths, and a great deal of grumbling,
'Twas thus the words he traced—"To Derby—five,"
"A goodly distance yet, as I'm alive!"
But on he drove a weary length of way,
And wished his journey he'd delayed till day :
He wondered that no town appeared in view,
(The wind blew stronger, it rained faster too,)
When to his great relief he met a man :
"I say, good friend, pray tell me if you can,
How far is't hence to Derby ?" "Derby, hey !
Why zur, thee be'est completely come astray ;
This y'ant the road." "Why zounds ! the guide-post
showed
'To Derby, five'—and pointed down this road !"
"Ay, dang it, that may be, for you maun know,
The post it war blown down last night, and so
This morn I put it up again, but whether
(As I can't put great A and B together)
The post is right, I'm sure I cannot say—
The town is just five miles the other way."—*Anon.*

COME OUT, YE CONTINENTALERS.

COME out, ye continentalers !
We're going for to go
To fight the red-coat enemy,
Who're plaguy "cute," you know.

Now, shoulder whoop !—eyes right and dress—
Front !—Davis, wipe your nose—
Port whoop !—that's slick—now, carry whoop !
Mike Jones, turn out your toes.

Charge bagnet !—that's your sort, my boys :
Now, quick time !—march !—that's right ;
Just so we'd poke the enemy,
If they were but in sight.

Halt !—shoulder whoop !—stop laughing, Nick—
By platoons, wheel !—halt—dress !
Hold up your muzzles on the left ;
No talking, more or less.

Bill Sneezer, keep your canteen down,
We're going for to travel ;
"Captain, I wants to halt a bit,
My shoe is full of gravel."

Ho—strike up music—for'ard march !
Now point your toes, Bob Rodgers ;
See ! yonder are the red-coat men—
Let fly upon 'em, sogers.

Anonymous.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

THE Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green and the sky was blue,
 Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more
 Must go with him to Moscow:
There were Marshals by the dozen,
 And Dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and Kings one or two;
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
 Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
 Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap;
 Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu! Parbleu!
 Nothing would do
 For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talk'd so big
 That he frighten'd Mr. Roscoe.

John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!

He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians;
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
And he'll certainly march to Moscow !

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow :
The Russians, he said, they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come,
With a hop, step, and jump, unto London,
For, as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good,
And nothing could call him off it.

Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckon'd :
It was, through thick and thin, to its party true
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
It served them for law and for gospel too.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow.

Nap had to fight his way all through;
They could fight, though they could not *parlez-vous*;
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
 For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
 And then no better course he knew
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
 All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
 And all the others that end in *ow*;
 Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
 And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in *itch*;
 Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
 And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in *eff*:
 Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
 And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in *off*;
 Rajeffsky, and Novereffsky,
 And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in *effsky*;
 Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in *offsky*;

And Platoff he play'd them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovell'd them off,
And Markoff he mark'd them off,
And Krosnoff he cross'd them off,
And Touchkoff he touch'd them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctor'd them off,
And Rodinoff he flogg'd them off.
And, last of all, an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,

A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might;
They were on the left and on the right
Behind and before, and by day and by night;
He would rather parlez-vous than fight;
But he look'd white, and he look'd blue.
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When parlez-vous no more would do,
For they remember'd Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found, in that hour,
Cared nothing for him, nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouch'd under his rod,
Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in his God.

Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white and the sky was so blue,

Sacrebleu ! Ventrebleu !

What a horrible journey from Moscow !

What then thought the Emperor Nap

Upon the road from Moscow ?

Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night ;
And he was besides in a very great fright,

For a whole skin he liked to be in ;

And so not knowing what else to do,

When the fields were so white, and the sky so blue,

Morbleu ! Parbleu !

He stole away,—I tell you true,—

Upon the road from Moscow.

'Tis myself, quoth he, I must mind most ;

So the devil may take the hindmost.

Too cold upon the road was he ;

Too hot had he been at Moscow ;

But colder and hotter he may be,

For the grave is colder than Moscovy ;

And a place there is to be kept in view,

Where the fire is red, and the brimstone blue,

Morbleu ! Parbleu !

Which he must go to,

If the Pope say true,

If he does not in time look about him ;

Where his namesake almost

He may have for his Host ;

He has reckon'd too long without him ;

If that Host get him in Purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory ;
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away,
As there was on the road from Moscow.

Keswick, 1813.

SOUTHEY.

THE MAGPIE, OR BAD COMPANY.

LET others, with poetic fire,
In raptures praise the tuneful choir,
The linnet, chaffinch, goldfinch, thrush,
And every warbler of the bush ;
I sing the mimic magpie's fame,
In wicker cage, well fed and tame.

In Fleet-street dwelt, in days of yore,
A jolly tradesman named Tom More ;
Generous and open as the day,
But passionately fond of play ;
No sounds to him such sweets afford
As dice-box rattling o'er the board ;
Bewitching hazard is the game
For which he forfeits health and fame.

In basket-prison hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A favorite magpie sees the play,
And mimics every word they say ;

“Oh, how he nicks us!” Tom More cries.
“Oh, how he nicks us!” Mag replies.
Tom throws, and eyes the glittering store,
And as he throws, exclaims, “Tom More!”
“Tom More!” the mimic bird replies;
The astonished gamesters lift their eyes,
And wondering, stare and look around,
As doubtful whence proceeds the sound.

This dissipated life, of course,
Soon brought poor Tom from bad to worse;
Nor prayers nor promises prevail,
To keep him from a dreary jail.

And now between each heartfelt sigh,
Tom oft exclaims, “Bad company!”
Poor Mag, who shares his master’s fate,
Exclaims from out his wicker grate,
“Bad company! Bad company!”
Then views poor Tom with curious eye,—
And cheers his master’s wretched hours
By this display of mimic powers;
The imprisoned bird, though much caressed,
Is still by anxious cares oppressed;
In silence mourns its cruel fate,
And oft explores his prison gate.

Observe through life you’ll always find
A fellow-feeling makes us kind;
So Tom resolves immediately
To give poor Mag his liberty;
Then opens his cage, and, with a sigh
Takes one fond look, and lets him fly.

Now Mag, once more with freedom blest,
Looks round to find a place of rest ;
To Temple Gardens wings his way,
There perches on a neighboring spray.

The gardener now, with busy cares,
A curious seed for grass prepares :
Yet spite of all his toil and pain,
The hungry birds devour the grain.

A curious net he does prepare,
And lightly spreads the wily snare ;
The feathered plunderers come in view,
And Mag soon joins the thievish crew.

The watchful gardener now stands by
With nimble hand and wary eye ;
The birds begin their stolen repast,
The flying net secures them fast.

The vengeful clown, now filled with ire,
Does to a neighboring shed retire,
And, having fast secured the doors
And windows, next the net explores.

Now, in revenge for plundered seed,
Each felon he resolves shall bleed ;
Then twists their little necks around,
And casts them breathless upon the ground.

Mag, who with man was used to herd,
Knew something more than common bird ;
He therefore watched with anxious care,
And slipped himself from out the snare,

Then, perched on nail remote from ground,
Observes how deaths are dealt around.
“ Oh, how he nicks us !” Maggy cries ;
The astonished gardener lifts his eyes ;
With faltering voice and panting breath,
Exclaims, “ Who’s there ?”—All still as death.
His murderous work he does resume,
And casts his eyes around the room
With caution, and, at length does spy
The Magpie, perched on nail so high !
The wondering clown, from what he heard,
Believes him something more than bird ;
With fear impressed, does now retreat
Towards the door with trembling feet ;
Then says—“ Thy name I do implore ?”
The ready bird replies—“ Tom More.”

“ Oh dear !” the frightened clown replies,
With hair erect and staring eyes !
Half opening then the hovel door,
He asks the bird one question more:
“ What brought you here ?”—with quick reply
Sly Mag rejoins—“ Bad company !”

Out jumps the gardener in a fright,
And runs away with all his might ;
And as he runs, impressed with dread
Exclaims, “ Sure Satan’s in the shed !

The wond’rous tale a bencher hears,
And soothes the man, and quells his fears,

Gets Mag secured in wicker cage,
Once more to spend his little rage :
In Temple Hall, now hung on high,
Mag oft exclaims—"Bad company!"

Anonymous.

EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES OF A SENTIMENTALIST.

"My Tables! Meat it is, I set it down!"—HAMLET.

I THINK it was spring—but not certain I am—
When my passion began first to work ;
But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,
And the season was over for pork.

'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase,
Yes,—for Morris had asked me to dine,—
And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild,
With sheer envy to witness my luck ;
How she blushed as I gave her some turtle, and smiled
As I afterwards offered some duck.

I looked and I languished, alas, to my cost,
Through three courses of dishes and meats ;
Getting deeper in love—but my heart was quite lost,
When it came to the trifles and sweets !

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land,
To her parents I told my designs—
And then to herself I presented my hand,
With a very fine pottle of pines !

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,
And she did not object in the least ;—
I can't tell the date—but we married, I know,
Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to——, it certainly was the sea-side ;
For the next, the most blessed of morns,
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

O never may mem'ry lose sight of that year,
But still hallow the time as it ought,
That season the "grass" was remarkably dear,
And the peas at a guinea a quart.

So happy, like hours, all our days seemed to haste,
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,
So united in heart—so congenial in taste,
We were both of us partial to brawn !

A long life I looked for of bliss with my bride,
But then Death—I ne'er dreamt about that !
Oh there's nothing is certain in life, as I cried,
When my turbot eloped with the cat !

My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,
But the cause no physician could nab ;
But something it seem'd like consumption, I fear,
It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctor'd, in vain she was dosed,
Still her strength and her appetite pined ;
She lost relish for what she had relish'd the most,
Even salmon she deeply declined.

For months still I linger'd in hope and in doubt,
While her form it grew wasted and thin ;
But the last dying spark of existence went out,
As the oysters were just coming in !

She died, and she left me the saddest of men
To indulge in a widower's moan,
Oh, I felt all the power of solitude then,
As I ate my first natives alone !

But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,
And with sorrowful crape on their hats,
O my grief poured a flood ! and the out-of-door folks
Were all crying—I think it was sprats !

T. HOOD.

A NEW SONG.

THE KING'S OWN REGULARS, AND THEIR TRIUMPH OVER THE IRREGULARS.

SINCE you all will have singing, and won't be said nay,
I cannot refuse, when you so beg and pray ;
So, I sing you a song,—as a body may say,
'Tis of the king's regulars, who ne'er ran away.
O the old soldiers of the king, and the king's own
regulars.

At Prestonpans we met with some rebels one day,
We marshall'd ourselves all in comely array ;
Our hearts were all stout, and bid our legs stay,
But our feet were wrong-headed, and took us away.

O the old soldiers, &c.

At Falkirk we resolved to be braver,
And recovered some credit by better behavior ;
We would not acknowledge feet had done us any favor,
So feet swore they would stand but,—legs ran, how-
ever.

O the old soldiers, &c.

No troops perform better than we at reviews,
We march and we wheel, and whatever you choose ;
George would see how we fight, and we never refuse,
There we all fight with courage—you may see't in the
news.

O the old soldiers, &c.

To Monongahela, with fifes and with drums,
We march'd in fine order, with cannon and bombs ;
That great expedition cost infinite sums,
But a few irregulars cut us all into crumbs.

O the old soldiers, &c.

It was not fair to shoot at us from behind trees :
If they had stood open, as they ought, before our great
guns, we should have beat 'em with ease ;
They may fight with one another that way, if they
please,
But it is not regular to stand, and fight with such rasc-
cals as these.

O the old soldiers, &c.

At Fort George and Oswego, to our great reputation,
We show'd our vast skill in fortification ;
The French fired three guns ; of the fourth they had no
 occasion ;
For we gave up those forts,—not through fear, but—
 mere persuasion.

O the old soldiers, &c.

To Ticonderoga we went in a passion,
Swearing to be revenged on the whole French nation ;
But we soon turn'd tail without hesitation,
Because they fought behind trees,—which is not the re-
 gular fashion.

O the old soldiers, &c.

Lord Loudoun, he was a regular general, they say ;
With a great regular army he went his way,
Against Louisburg, to make it his prey,
But return'd—without seeing it,—for he did not feel
 bold that day.

O the old soldiers, &c.

Grown proud at reviews, great George had no rest ;
Each grandsire, he had heard, a rebellion, suppress'd :
He wish'd a rebellion, looked round and saw none,
So resolved a rebellion to make—of his own.

O the old soldiers, &c.

The Yankees he bravely pitch'd on, because he thought
 they wouldn't fight,
And so he sent us over to take away their right ;

But lest they should spoil our review-clothes, he cried
braver and louder ;
For God's sake, brother kings, don't sell the cowards—
any powder !

O the old soldiers, &c.

Our general with his council of war did advise,
How at Lexington we might the Yankees surprise ;
We march'd and remarch'd, all surprised at being beat ;
And so our wise general's plan of surprise was complete.

O the old soldiers, &c.

For fifteen miles they follow'd and pelted us : we scarce
had time to pull trigger ;
But did you ever know a retreat perform'd with more
vigor ?
For we did it in two hours, which saved us from per-
dition ;
'Twas not in going out, but in returning, consisted our
expedition.

O the old soldiers, &c.

Says our general, " We were forced to take to our arms
in our own defence :"
(For arms read legs, and it will be both truth and
sense :)
" Lord Percy, (says he,) I must say something of him in
civility,
And that is—I can never enough praise him for his great
agility."

O the old soldiers, &c.

Of their firing from behind fences he makes a great
pother ;
Every fence has two sides ; they made use of one, and we
only forgot to use the other.
That we turn'd our backs and ran away so fast, don't
let that disgrace us ;
'Twas only to make good what Sandwich said, that the
Yankees could not face us.

O the old soldiers, &c.

As they could not get before us, how could they look us
in the face ?
We took care they shouldn't, by scampering away apace.
That they had not much to brag of, is a very plain case ;
For if they beat us in the fight, we beat them in the
race.

O the old soldiers, &c.

Anonymous.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil is gone,
To look at his little, snug farm of the world,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain ;
And backward and forward he swish'd his tail,
As a gentleman swishes a cane.

How then was the Devil dress'd?
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through.

A lady drove by in her pride,
In whose face an expression he spied,
For which he could have kiss'd her;
Such a flourishing, fine, clever creature was she,
With an eye as wicked as wicked can be:
I should take her for my Aunt, thought he,
If my dam had had a sister.

He met a lord of high degree,—
No matter what was his name,—
Whose face with his own when he came to compare
The expression, the look, and the air,
And the character too, as it seem'd to a hair,—
Such a twin-likeness there was in the pair,
That it made the Devil start and stare;
For he thought there was surely a looking glass there
But he could not see the frame.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunhill beside his stable;
Ho! quoth he, thou put'st me in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

An Apothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocation;
And the Devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelation.

He pass'd a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility ;
And he own'd with a grin
That his favorite sin
Is pride that apes humility.

He saw a pig rapidly
Down a river float ;
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat ;—

And Satan gave thereat his tail
A twirl of admiration ;
For he thought of his daughter War
And her sucking babe Taxation.

Well enough, in sooth, he liked that truth,
And nothing the worse for the jest ;
But this was only a first thought ;
And in this he did not rest :
Another came presently into his head ;
And here it proved as has often been said,
That second thoughts are best.

For as Piggy plied, with wind and tide,
His way with such celerity,
And at every stroke the water dyed
With his own red blood, the Devil cried,
Behold a swinish nation's pride
In cotton-spun prosperity !

He walk'd into London leisurely ;
The streets were dirty and dim ;
But there he saw Brothers the Prophet,
And Brothers the Prophet saw him.

He entered a thriving bookseller's shop ;
Quoth he, We are both of one college,
For I myself sate like a Cormorant once
Upon the Tree of Knowledge.

As he pass'd through Cold-Bath Fields, he look'd
At a solitary cell ;
And he was well pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of Hell.

He saw a turnkey tie a thief's hands
With a cordial tug and jerk ;
Nimbly, quoth he, a man's fingers move
When his heart is in his work.

He saw the same turnkey unfettering a man
With little expedition ;
And he chuckled to think of his dear slave trade,
And the long debates and delays that were made
Concerning its abolition.

He met one of his favorite daughters
By an Evangelical Meeting ;
And forgetting himself for joy at her sight,
He would have accosted her outright,
And given her a fatherly greeting.

But she tipp'd him a wink, drew back, and cried,
Avaunt! my name's religion!
And then she turned to the preacher,
And leer'd like a love-sick pigeon.

A fine man and a famous Professor was he,
As the great Alexander now may be,
Whose fame not yet o'erpast is;
Or that new Scotch performer
Who is fiercer and warmer,
The great Sir Arch-Bombastos;

With throbs and throes, and ahs and ohs,
Far famed his flock for frightening;
And thundering with his voice, the while
His eyes zigzag like lightning.
This Scotch phenomenon, I trow,
Beats Alexander hollow;
Even when most tame,
He breathes more flame
Than ten Fire-Kings could swallow.

Another daughter he presently met:
With music of fife and drum,
And a consecrated flag,
And shout of tag and rag,
And march of rank and file,
Which had fill'd the crowded aisle
Of the venerable pile,
From church he saw her come.

He call'd her aside, and began to chide,
 For what dost thou here ? said he ;
 My city of Rome is thy proper home,
 And there's work enough there for thee.

Thou hast confessions to listen,
 And bells to christen,
 And altars and dolls to dress ;
 And fools to coax,
 And sinners to hoax,
 And beads and bones to bless ;
 And great pardons to sell
 For those who pay well,
 And small ones for those who pay less.

Nay, father, I boast, that this is my post,
 She answered ; and thou wilt allow,
 That the great Harlot,
 Who is clothed in scarlet,
 Can very well spare me now.

Upon her business I am come here,
 That we may extend her powers ;
 Whatever lets down this church that we hate,
 Is something in favour of ours.

You will not think, great Cosmocrat !
 That I spend my time in fooling ;
 Many irons, my Sire, have we in the fire,
 And I must leave none of them cooling ;
 For you must know state-councils here
 Are held which I bear rule in.

When my liberal notions
Produce mischievous motions
There's many a man of good intent,
In either house of Parliament,
Whom I shall find a tool in ;
And I have hopeful pupils too
Who all this while are schooling.

Fine progress they make in our liberal opinions,
My Utilitarians,
My all sorts of—inians
And all sorts of—arians ;
My all sorts of—ists,
And my Prigs and my Whigs,
Who have all sorts of twists,
Train'd in the very way, I know,
Father, you would have them go ;
High and low,
Wise and foolish, great and small,
March-of-Intellect-Boys all.

Well pleased wilt thou be at no very far day,
When the caldron of mischief boils,
And I bring them forth in battle array,
And bid them suspend their broils,
That they may unite and fall on the prey,
For which we are spreading our toils.
How the nice boys all will give mouth at the call,
Hark away ! hark away to the spoils !
My Macs and my Quacks and my lawless-Jacks,
My Shields and O'Connels, my pious Mac-Donnells,

My joke-smith Sidney, and all of his kidney,
My Humes and my Broughams,
My merry old Jerry,
My Lord Kings, and my Doctor Doyles !

At this good news, so great
The Devil's pleasure grew,
That with a joyful swish he rent
The hole where his tail came through.

His countenance fell for a moment
When he felt the stitches go ;
Ah ! thought he, there's a job now
That I've made for my tailor below.

Great news ! bloody news ! cried a newsman ;
The Devil said, Stop, let me see !
Great news ? bloody news ? thought the Devil,
The bloodier the better for me.

So he bought the newspaper, and no news
At all for his money he had.
Lying varlet, thought he, thus to take in old Nick !
But it's some satisfaction, my lad,
To know thou art paid beforehand for the trick,
For the sixpence I gave thee is bad.

And then it came into his head,
By oracular inspiration,
That what he had seen and what he had said,
In the course of this visitation,
Would be published in the Morning Post
For all this reading nation.

Therewith in second-sight he saw
The place, and the manner and time,
In which this mortal story
Would be put in immortal rhyme.

That it would happen when two poets
Should on a time be met
In the town of Nether Stowey,
In the Shire of Somerset.

There, while the one was shaving,
Would he the song begin ;
And the other, when he heard it at breakfast,
In ready accord join in.

So each would help the other
Two heads being better than one ;
And the phrase and conceit
Would in unison meet,
And so with glee the verse flow free
In ding-dong chime of sing-song rhyme,
Till the whole were merrily done.

And because it was set to the razor,
Not to the lute or harp,
Therefore it was that the fancy
Should be bright, and the wit be sharp.

But then, said Satan to himself,
As for that said beginner,
Against my infernal Majesty
There is no greater sinner.

He hath put me in ugly ballads
With libellous pictures for sale ;
He hath scoff'd at my hoofs and my horns,
And has made very free with my tail.

But this Mister Poet shall find
I am not a safe subject for whim ;
For I'll set up a school of my own,
And my Poets shall set upon him.

He went to a coffee-house to dine,
And there he had soy in his dish ;
Having ordered some soles for his dinner,
Because he was fond of flat fish.

They are much to my palate, thought he,
And now guess the reason who can,
Why no bait should be better than place,
When I fish for a parliament-man.

But the soles in the bill were ten shillings ;
Tell your master, quoth he, what I say ;
If he charges at this rate for all things.
He must be in a pretty good way.

But mark ye, said he to the waiter,
I'm a dealer myself in this line,
And his business between you and me,
Nothing like so extensive as mine.

Now, soles are exceedingly cheap ;
Which he will not attempt to deny,
When I see him at my fish-market,
I warrant him, by and by.

As he went along the Strand
Between three in the morning and four,
He observed a queer-looking person
Who stagger'd from Perry's door.

And he thought that all the world over
In vain for a man you might seek,
Who could drink more like a Trojan,
Or talk more like a Greek.

The Devil then he prophesied
It would one day be matter of talk,
That with wine when smitten,
And with wit moreover being happily bitten,
This erudite bibber was he who had written
The story of this Walk.

A pretty mistake, quoth the Devil ;
A pretty mistake, I opine !
I have put many ill thoughts in his mouth ;
He will never put good ones in mine.

And whoever shall say that to Porson
These best of all verses belong,
He is an untruth-telling whoreson,
And so shall be call'd in the song.

And if seeking an illicit connection with fame,
Any one else should put in a claim
In this comical competition,
That excellent poem will prove
A man-trap for such foolish ambition,
Where the silly rogue shall be caught by the leg,
And exposed in a second edition.

Now the morning air was cold for him,
Who was used to a warm abode ;
And yet he did not immediately wish,
To set out on his homeward road.

For he had some morning calls to make
Before he went back to Hell ;
So, thought he, I'll step into a gaming house,
And that will do as well ;
But just before he could get to the door,
A wonderful chance befell.

For all on a sudden, in a dark place,
He came upon General——'s burning face ;
And it struck him with such consternation,
That home in a hurry his way did he take,
Because he thought by a slight mistake
'Twas the general conflagration.

R. SOUTHEY.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet ;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded round Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near ;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

“I’ faith, ’tis an excellent bonfire !” quoth he,
“And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of Rats that only consume the corn.”

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man ;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look’d, there came a man from his farm ;
He had a countenance white with alarm ;
“My lord, I open’d your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.”

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be,—
“ Fly ! my Lord Bishop, fly !” quoth he,
“ Ten thousand rats are coming this way,—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !”

“ I’ll go to my tower on the Rhine,” replied he,
“ ‘Tis the safest place in Germany ;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.”

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he cross’d the Rhine without delay,
And reach’d his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes ;—
But soon a scream made him arise ;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen’d and look’d ;—it was only the cat ;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that ;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climb’d the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score ;
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more.

Such numbers had never been heard of before ;
Such a judgment had never been witness'd of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones ;
And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him !

SOUTHEY.

SPECTACLES, OR HELPS TO READ.

A CERTAIN artist, I've forgot his name,
Had got for making spectacles a fame,
Or "helps to read"—as, when they first were sold,
Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold ;
And, for all uses to be had from glass,
His were allowed by readers to surpass.
There came a man into his shop one day—
"Are you the spectacle contriver, pray ?"

“Yes, sir,” said he; “I can in that affair
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair.”
“Can you? pray do then.”—So, at first, he chose
To place a youngish pair upon his nose;
And book produced, to see how they would fit:
Asked how he liked ‘em?—“Like ‘em—not a bit.”—
“Then sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
These in my hand will better suit your eye”—
“No, but they don’t”—“Well, come, sir, if you please
Here is another sort, we’ll e’en try these;
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter;
Now, sir?”—“Why now—I’m not a bit the better”—
“No! here, take these that magnify still more;
How do they fit?—“Like all the rest before.”
In short, they tried a whole assortment through,
But all in vain, for none of ‘em would do.
The operator, much surprised to find
So odd a case, thought, Sure the man is blind:
“What sort of eyes can you have got?” said he,
“Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see:”
“Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball—
Pray, let me ask you—Can you read at all?”
“No, you great blockhead; if I could, what need
Of paying you for any—‘helps to read?’ ”
And so he left the maker in a heat,
Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

BYRON.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

IN Broad-street buildings, (on a winter night,)
Snug by his parlor fire, a gouty wight
 Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
His feet, rolled up in fleecy hose
With t'other he'd beneath his nose
 The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing
 He noted all the sales of hops,
 Ships, shops, and slops,
Gum, galls, and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin ;
 When, lo ! a decent personage in black,
Entered and most politely said—
 “Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
To the—King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by ;
 And thought it neighborly to give you notice.”
“Ten thousand thanks—how very few get
 In time of danger
 Such kind attentions from a stranger !
Assuredly that fellow's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate :
He knows, too, (the unconscious elf !)
That there's no soul at home except myself.”
“Indeed !” replied the stranger, (looking grave,)
“Then he's a double knave :
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors :

And see how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,
Perform his knavish tricks ;
Enter your room, as I have done,
Blow out your candles—thus—and thus,
Pocket your silver candlesticks,
And walk off—thus—”
So said—so done—he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But marched off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

Anonymous.

THE DUEL.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

“Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay.”

IN Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allow'd,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love;
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer,
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bull's eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
Here one of us may fall,
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doom'd to have a fall.

I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name ;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same ?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—
But think of Honour's Courts !
If we go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun ;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had call'd out the sun ?

So up into the harmless air,
Their bullets they did send ;
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end !

T. HOOD.

A TRUE BALLAD OF ST. ANTIDIUS, THE POPE, AND THE DEVIL.

It is Antidius the Bishop
Who now at even tide,
Taking the air and saying a prayer,
Walks by the river side.

The Devil had business that evening,
And he upon earth would go ;
For it was in the month of August,
And the weather was close below.

He had his books to settle ;
And up to earth he hied,
To do it there in the evening air,
All by the river side.

His imps came flying around him,
Of his affairs to tell ;
From the north, and the south, and the east, and the
west,

They brought him the news that he liked best,
Of things they had done,
And the souls they had won,
And how they sped well
In the service of Hell.

There came a devil posting in,
Return'd from his employ ;
Seven years had he been gone from Hell ;
And now he came grinning for joy.

“Seven years,” quoth he, “of trouble and toil
Have I labor’d the Pope to win;
And I to-day have caught him;
He hath done a deadly sin!”
And then he took the Devil’s book,
And wrote the deed therein.

Oh, then King Beelzebub, for joy,
He drew his mouth so wide
You might have seen his iron teeth,
Four and forty from side to side.

He wagg’d his ears, he twisted his tail,
He knew not for joy what to do;
In his hoofs and his horns, in his heels and his corns,
It tickled him all through.

The Bishop, who beheld all this,
Straight how to act bethought him;
He leap’d upon the Devil’s back,
And by the horns he caught him.

And he said a Pater-noster
As fast as he could say,
And made a cross on the Devil’s head,
And bade him to Rome away.

Away, away, the Devil flew
All through the clear moonlight;
I warrant who saw them on their way
He did not sleep that night.

Without bridle, or saddle, or whip, or spur,
Away they go like the wind;
The beads of the Bishop are hanging before,
And the tail of the Devil behind.

They met a Witch, and she hail'd them,
As soon as she came within call;
“Ave Maria!” the Bishop exclaim'd;
It frightened her broomstick, and she got a fall.

He ran against a shooting star,
So fast for fear did he sail,
And he singed the beard of the Bishop
Against a comet's tail;
And he pass'd between the horns of the moon,
With Antidius on his back;
And there was an eclipse that night
Which was not in the almanac.

The Bishop just as they set out,
To tell his beads begun;
And he was by the bed of the Pope
Before the string was done.

The Pope fell down upon his knees,
In terror and confusion,
And he confess'd the deadly sin,
And he had absolution.

And all the Popes in bliss that be,
Sung, O be joyful! then;

And all the Popes in bale that be,
They howl'd for envy then ;
For they before kept jubilee,
Expecting his good company,
Down in the Devil's den.

But what was this the Pope had done
To bind his soul to Hell ?

~~Ah ! that is the mystery of this wonderful history,~~
And I wish that I could tell !

But would you know, there you must go ;
You can easily find the way ;
It is a broad and well known road,
That is travell'd by night and by day.

And you must look in the Devil's book ;
And will find one debt that was never paid yet,
If you search the leaves throughout ;
And that is the mystery of this wonderful history,
And the way to find it out.

Bristol, 1802.

SOUTHEY.

THE YANKEES' VERSION.

SOME sixty years ago, e'er we Yankees cut a show,
Or into independence thought of starting, O !
British rulers did decree that we their slaves should be,
But that was all in my eye and Betty Martin, O !

They were horribly in debt, and it made them fume and fret,
For they found that their last guinea was departing, O !
So they said they'd make a raise by their stamps and other ways,
But that was all my eye and Betty Martin, O !

On pepper, paper, tea, they declared a tax should be,
Of three pennies every pound, for sartain, O !
But the Bostonites with glee, to old Davy pitched the tea,
So that was all in my eye and Betty Martin, O !

They then sent out their ships, with their halters and their whips,
And swore for this their bodies should be smarting, O !
But the Yankees faced about—the red coats put to rout,
So that was all my eye and Betty Martin, O !

Burgoyne declared he'd do—Lord Cornwallis said so too,—
For every Yankee, ere he'd be for parting, O !
But Yankees wide awake, Lord, they hook'd 'em in a shake,
So they were all my eye and Betty Martin, O !

Old Georgy in a rage, swore eternal war to wage,
Finding that eighty millions were departing, O !
But brave Washington and Lee, swore we should all be free,
So the war was all my eye and Betty Martin, O !

Anonymous.

HUGGINS AND DUGGINS.

A PASTORAL AFTER POPE.

Two swains or clowns—but call them swains—
While keeping flocks on Salisbury Plains,
For all that tend on sheep as drovers,
Are turned to songsters, or to lovers.
Each of the lass he call'd his dear,
Began to carol loud and clear.

First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,
In the way of ancient shepherd men ;
Who thus alternate hitch'd in song,
“ All things by turns, and nothing long.”

HUGGINS.

Of all the girls about our place,
There's one beats all in form and face ;
Search through all Great and Little Bumpstead,
You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

DUGGINS.

To groves and streams I tell my flame
I make the cliffs repeat her name :
When I'm inspired by gills and noggins,
The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins !”

HUGGINS.

When I am walking in the grove,
I think of Peggy as I rove.
I'd carve her name on every tree,
But I don't know my A, B, C.

DUGGINS.

Whether I walk in hill or valley,
I think of nothing else but Sally.
I'd sing her praise, but I can sing
No song, except "God save the King."

HUGGINS.

My Peggy does all nymphs excel,
And all confess she bears the bell,—
Where'er she goes swains flock together,
Like sheep that follow the bellwether.

DUGGINS.

Sally is tall and not too straight,—
Those very poplar shapes I hate ;
But something twisted like an S,—
A crook becomes a shepherdess.

HUGGINS.

When Peggy's dog her arms imprison,
I often wish my lot was hisn ;
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hern.

DUGGINS.

I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,
To stand about and stare at she ;
But when I look, she turns and shies,
And won't bear none but their sheep's-eyes !

HUGGINS.

Love goes with Peggy where she goes,—
Beneath her smile the garden grows ;
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,
'Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts !

DUGGINS.

Where Sally goes it's always Spring,
Her presence brightens every thing ;
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin
It makes brass farthings look like guineas.

HUGGINS.

For Peggy I can have no joy,
She's sometimes kind, and sometimes coy,
And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,
As comfortless as sheep with ticks.

DUGGINS.

Sally is ripe as June or May,
And yet as cold as Christmas day ;
For when she's asked to change her lot,
Lamb's wool,—but Sally, she wool not.

HUGGINS.

Only with Peggy and with health,
I'd never wish for state or wealth ;
Talking of having health and more pence,
I'd drink her health if I had fourpence.

DUGGINS.

Oh, how that day would seem to shine,
If Sally's banns were read with mine ;
She cries, when such a wish I carry,
"Marry come up !" but will not marry.

T. HOOD.

THE PIG.

JACOB, I do not love to see thy nose
Turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig.
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
Were perfect in our kind. And why despise
The sow—born grunter ? He is obstinate,
Thou answerest ; ugly ; and the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. Now I pray thee
Hear the pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate ?
We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words—
By sophist sounds. A democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit and not his. He hath not learned
That pigs were made for man, born to be brawned
And baconized. As for his ugliness—
Nay, Jacob, look at him ;
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
Behold his tail, my friend ; with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse :
And what is beauty but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious ; give fancy scope,

And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify the beast. All would but mar
His pig perfection.

The last charge,—he lives
A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With precedents right reverend and noble,
And show by sanction of authority,
That 'tis a very honorable thing
To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
On better ground the unanswerable defense,
The pig is a philosopher, who knows
No prejudice. Dirt! Jacob, what is dirt?
If matter, why the delicate dish that tempts
The o'ergorged epicure is nothing more.
And there, that breeze
Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossomed field
Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

SOUTHEY.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

“Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger?” quoth he;
“For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I’ll venture my life,
She has drank of the Well of St Keyne.”

“I have left a good woman who never was here,”
The Stranger he made reply;
“But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why.”

“St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “many a time
Drank of this crystal Well;
And before the angel summon’d her,
She laid on the water a spell.

“If the Husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his Wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be Master for life.

“But if the Wife should drink of it first,—
God help the Husband then !”
The Stranger stoop’d to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

“You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes ?”
He to the Cornish-man said :
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

“I hasten’d as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my Wife in the porch ;
But i’ faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.”

Westbury, 1798.

SOUTHEY.

LADIES' BOOTS.

A LITTLE glove stirs up my heart, as tides stir up the
ocean,
And snow-white muslin when it fits wakes many a curious
notion ;
All sorts of lady-fixins thrill my feelings, as they’d
orter,
But little female gaiter-boots, are death, and nothin’
shorter !

And just to put you on your guard,
I'll give you, short and brief,
A small hotel experience,
Which filled my heart with grief.

Last summer, at the Clarendon,
I stopped a week or more,
And marked two "boot—ies" every morn,
Before my neighbor's door;

Two boots with patent leather-tips—
Two boots which seemed to say :
"An Angel trots around in us"—
They stole my heart away.

I saw the servant take 'em off,
With those of other brutes :
His soul was all in sixpences,
But mine was in the boots.

And often in my nightly dreams
They swept before my face,
A lady growing out of them,
As flowers from a vase.

But ah ! one morn I saw a sight
Which struck me like a stone ;
Some other name was on the book :
Those boots were not alone !

A great tall pair of other boots
Were standing by their side,
And off they walked that afternoon,
And with them walked—a bride !

Enough, enough—my song is sung,
 Love's tree bears bitter fruits ;
 Beware of beauty, reader mine !
 But oh ! beware of boots !

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

IL TROVATORE.

THERE was an old woman who somewhere did dwell,
 Who was burnt for a witch as the opera doth tell,
 A daughter she had too, a gipsey so bold,
 Who went to a house where an infant she stoled.

[Chorus in the Italian language, relative to the way
 she hooked it.]

Singing tooral, toledo and io dormiro :
 Allegro andanty and sempre amo.
 O giorno dorrore ! mia madre you know,
 With fata crudele funeste & Co.

Now after they'd burnt up the old gipsey mother,
 The daughter came by with her own child and tother,
 When she saw her marm burning, it woke up her ire,
 And she slung the stole baby smack into the fire.

[Sizzling chorus descriptive of the burning.]

Singing tooral, toledo and io dormiro, &c.

Now when the poor baby was all of a bake,
 She found out she'd burnt up her own by mistake :
 And as she felt bad at the deed she had done,
 She brought up the other and called him her son.

[Chorus in the barrow-tone style.]

Singing tooral, toledo, &c.

Now when the young man got to years of discretion,
 He tuck up with music all for a profession,
 Likewise a young woman for sweetheart he got,
 And all her affections upon him she sot.

[Basso-reliefo chorus in which I set forth the young
 woman's sentiments as expressed in a furrin lan-
 guage.]

Tooral, toledo, &c. &c.

There's a chap now, a Count who comes into the song,
 Who likewise loved this lady uncommonly strong,
 And meeting Manrico—her lover—one night,
 They pulled out their weapons intending to fight.

[Spirited chorus expressing a norful combat which
 come very nigh coming off.]

Tooral, toledo, &c.

The next scene discovers Manrico, a gipsy,
 With fellows who drink a great deal and get tipsy,
 And who hammer on anvils like jolly good fellows,
 While their wives mind the fire and their sons blow the
 bellows.

[Hardware chorus a la horse-shoe.]

Singing tooral, toledo, &c.

But alas ! after all this fine singing and fighting
 Which gave the occasion for all this fine writing ;
 The Count got Manrico locked up in the jug,
 And held him as tight as a bug in a rug.

[Doleful chorus, sparging the lagrime.]

Tooral, toledo, &c.

Then the lady came veeping and vailing around,
Where Manrico was lying all on the cold ground,
With the old gipsy woman while balliads he sung,
Resolved to die game though he'd got to be hung.

[Game chorus with the back up and straps buckled
down.]

Tooral, toledo, &c.

The Count came along—says the lady says she,
“If you'll let my love go, why then you may take me!”
So the Count he consented to open the door,
And wipe off the chalks 'gainst the bold trovatore.

[Trovatore—a cove vot sings. Frinstance, I'm a
trovytore as you hear by the following.]

Tooral, toledo, &c.

But the lady she thought, ‘I will ne'er be his wife,
And I'll swindle the Count if it costs me my life,’
So ven he come in, there she lay on her side;
And they found sure enough 'twas by pison she'd died.

[Chorus expressive of pison.]

Tooral, toledo, &c. &c.

Then the folks made a fire 'cause the count was so sore,
And in it they burnt up the gay trovatore;
Then the gipsy says she, “Count—I wasn't his mother,
And I'm sorry to say that you've burned up your
brother.”

[Chorus expressing a grand family fry.]

Tooral, toledo, &c. &c.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

MAINE BATTLE SONG.

COME, sogers ! take your muskets up;
And grasp your faithful rifles;
We're gwoin to lick the red coat men,
Who call us Yankees "trifles."
Bring out the big gun made of brass,
Which forges July thunder;
Bring out the flag of Bennington,
And strike the foe with wonder.
We'll lick the red coats, any how,
And drive them from the border;
The loggers are awake—and all
Await the gin'rals order;
Britannia shall not rule the Maine,
Nor shall she rule the water,
They've sung that song full long enough,
Much longer than they oughter.
The Aroostook's a right slick stream,
Has nation sights of woodlands,
And hang the feller that would lose
His footing on such good lands.
And all along the boundary line,
There's pasturing for cattle;
But where that line of boundary is,
We must decide by battle.
We do not care about the land,
But they shan't hook it from us;
Our country, right or wrong, we cry—
No budging or compromise.

So, beat the sheepskin, blow the fife,
And march in training order ;
Our way is through the wilderness,
And all along the border.

Anonymous.

THE NOBLE LADS OF CANADA.

COME, all you British heroes, I pray you lend your ears,
Draw up your reg'lar forces, and then your volunteers ;
We're going to fight the Yankee boys, by water and by
land,
And we never will return until we conquer, sword in
hand.

We're the noble lads of Canada :
Come to arms, boys, come !

O ! now the time has come, my boys, to cross the Yan-
kee line,
We remember they were rebels once, and conquer'd John
Burgoyne.
We'll subdue those mighty Democrats, and pull their
dwellings down,
And we'll have the States inhabited with subjects to the
crown.

We're the noble lads, &c.

We've as choice a British army as ever cross'd the seas ;
We'll burn both town and city, and with smoke becloud
the trees ;

We'll subdue the old Green Mountain Boys, their Washington is gone,
And we'll play them "Yankee Doodle," as the Yankees did Burgoyne.

We're the noble lads, &c.

Now we've reach'd the Plattsburg banks, my boys, and here we'll make a stand :
Until we take the Yankee fleet Macdonough doth command ;
We've the Growler and the Eagle, that from Smith we took away,
And we'll have their noble fleet, that lies anchor'd in the bay.

We're the noble lads, &c.

O ! our fleet is hove in view, my boys, the cannons loudly roar,
With death upon our cannon balls, we'll drench their decks with gore,
We've water craft sufficient for to sink them in an hour ;
But our orders are to board 'em, and the Yankee flag to lower.

We're the noble lads, &c.

O ! what bitter groans and sighing we hear on board the fleet,
Whilst Macdonough's cocks are crowing, boys, I fear we shall get beat ;

If we lose the cause by sea, my boys, we'll make a quick
return,

For sure as ever drums are beat, we'll all be like Bour-
goyne.

We're the noble lads of Canada,
Stand at arms, boys, stand.

Now the battle's growing hot, my boys, I don't know
how 'twill turn,

While Macdonough's boats on swivels hung, continually,
do burn.

We see such constant flashing that the smoke beclouds
the day,

And our larger boats they've struck, and our smaller
run away.

O ! we've got too far from Canada,
Run for life, boys, run.

O ! Prevost he sighed aloud, and to his officers he said,
"I wish the devil and those Yankees could but sail along
side ;

For the tars of France and England can't stand before
them well,

And I think they'd flog the devil and drive him back to

O ! we've got too far, &c.

Now prepare for your retreat, my boys, make all the
speed you can ;

The Yankees are surrounding us, we're slaughter'd
every man ;

Behind the hedges and the ditches, and the trees, and
every stump,
You can see the infernal, —— cursed Yankees
jump.

O ! we've got too far, &c.

Now we've reached the Chazy heights, my boys, we'll
make a short delay,
For to rest our weary limbs, and to feed our beasts on
hay ;
Soon Macdonough's cocks began to crow, they heard
'em at Stark's farm,
And the report throughout the camp, was a general
alarm.

O ! we've got too far, &c.

O ! Prevost he sigh'd aloud, and to his officers did say,
"The Yankee troops have hove in sight, and hell will
be to pay,
Shall we fight like men of courage and let the best be
done,
When we know they will flog us two to one ? I think
we'd better run.

O ! we've gone too far, &c.

Now if I ever reach Quebec alive, I'll surely stay at
home ;
For Macdonough's gain'd the victory, the devil fight
Macomb ;

I had rather fight a thousand troops good as e'er cross'd
the seas,
Than fifty of those Yankee boys behind the stumps and
trees.

O ! we've got too far, &c.

They told us that the Federalists were friendly to the
crown,
They'd join our royal army and the Democrats pull
down ;
But they all unite together as a band of brothers round,
They will fight for Independence till they die upon the
ground.

O ! we've got too far, &c.

The old seventy-sixers sally forth, upon their crutches
they do lean,
With their rifles levell'd on us, through their specs they
aim quite keen,
And there's no retreat to those, my boys, who'd rather
die than run,
So we make no doubt that these are they who conquer'd
John Burgoyne,
When he got too far, &c.

Now we've reach'd the British ground, my boys, we'll
have a day of rest,
And I wish my soul that I could say 'twould be a day
so blest ;

But I've left so many troops behind, hard after me to come,
And if I ever fight the Yankees more, it shall surely be at home."

Now we've all got back to Canada—
Stay at home, boys, stay.

Here's a health to all the British troops, likewise to George Prevost,
And to our respective families, and the girls that we love most ;
To Macdonough and Macomb, and every Yankee boy,
Now fill up your tumblers full, for I never was so dry.

Now we've all got back to Canada—
Stay at home, boys, stay.

Anonymous.

THE LOCKED OUT.

THE key to the dead-latch
I left in my room :
And here I am waiting
In midnight and gloom,
All silent and death-like,
No light from within,
No soul hears my ringing—
I cannot get in !

I've searched every pocket—
I've shook them all round,
I've felt every lining—
The key can't be found ;

So my only resource
Is to knock and to ring :
So here goes—confound it—
Ting-ling-a-ling-ling !

Down the street comes our watchman,
Bright gleams his red nose :
Tramp—tramp—he goes past me :
“ *Locked out, sir, I 'spose ?* ”
And ere long a fast party
Roll home from a spree,
Singing out, Who dat knocking ?
(Alluding to me !)

O'er house-tops and chimneys,
From some distant square,
The sound of sweet music
Is borne on the air :
Serenaders ! Oh, fiddle !
And now—can it be ?—
I hear our folks snoring—
I wish they heard me !

Tintinnabulistic
Attempts are in vain,
Cam-pan-ol-o-gistic
Exertion, 'tis plain,
Won't aid me to enter,
And one thing is flat :
I must tramp down to Jones's—
No two ways 'bout that !

Did I hear a faint rumbling ?
Behold a dim light ?
The rumbling is louder !
The flame flashes bright !
I hear the stair creaking
All doubt is now past—
Unlock ! the door opens !
I'm rescued at last !

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

COMIC MISERIES.

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man !

You're at an evening party, with
A group of pleasant folks,—
You venture quietly to crack
The least of little jokes,—
A lady doesn't catch the point,
And begs you to explain—
Alas ! for one who drops a jest
And takes it up again !

You're talking deep philosophy
With very special force,
To edify a clergyman
With suitable discourse,—
You think you've got him—when he calls
A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day !

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
Into a neighbor's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears,
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old, authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun !

By sudden change in politics,
Or sadder change in Polly,
You lose your love, or loaves, and fall
A prey to melancholy ;
While every body marvels why
Your mirth is under ban,—
They think your very grief “ a joke,”
You're such a funny man !

You follow up a stylish card
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit,
(To pay for musty wine,)

You're looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,
And wonders what you're thinking of,
And why you don't begin !

You're telling to a knot of friends
A fancy-tale of woes
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose,—
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news :
You quarrel with your wife !

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
For all your merry ways ;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid, if you can ;
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man !

JOHN G. SAXE.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

ON deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose ;

And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful winds deplored,
I heard the cabin snoring
 With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting—
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
 The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the sky light,
 That shot across the deck ;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
 That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
 The hazy sky to speck.
Strange company we harbored :
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
 Jews black, and brown, and gray.

With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
 Who did nought but scratch and pray.

Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
 Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were—
 Their pipes did puff away ; •
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
 In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty, prattling graces
 Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling—
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave Iberia bowling,
 Before the break of day.

When a squall, upon a sudden,,
Came o'er the waters scudding ;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled ;
And the ship and all the ocean
Woke up in wild commotion.

Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling;
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle;
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers, whose black faces
Peer out of their bed places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins:
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.

A BUDGET OF HUMOROUS POETRY.

And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorrored;
And, shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sang "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah! Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them and soused them;
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury:
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up;
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins;)
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gabardine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the slashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the white squall famous,
*erly o'ercame us,
all will remember,
1 September:
ussian captain of Lancers
(t-laced, whiskered prancers)

Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Pots tausend!
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle;
And oft we've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gaily he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "George, some brandy and water!"

And when its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE IRISHMAN.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man—
And yet in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman—
A nasty, ugly Irishman—
A wild tremendous Irishman—
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roar-
ing Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 'twas scarred across ;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
O, the lump of an Irishman—
The whiskey devouring Irishman—
The great he-rogue with his wonderful brogue—the
fighting rioting Irishman !

One of his eyes was bottle green,
And the other eye was out, my dear :
And the calves of his wicked looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear !
O, the great big Irishman—
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leather-
ing swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-foot
That he used to snort and snuffle-O ;
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
O, the horrible Irishman—
The thundering blundering Irishman—
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing,
hashing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan ;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch
He'd not rest till he filled it full again ;
The boozing, bruising Irishman—
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy
Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality ;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity ;
O, the leathering Irishman—
The barbarous, savage Irishman—
The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's heads were
bothered I'm sure by this Irishman.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE DEVIL OF NAMES.

AT an old-fashioned inn with a pendulous sign,
Once graced with the head of the king of the kine,
But innocent now of the slightest "design,"
Save calling low people to spurious wine—
While the villagers, drinking, and playing "all fours,"
And cracking small jokes, with vociferous roars,
Were talking of horses, and hunting, and—scores
Of similar topics a bar-room adores,
But which rigid morality greatly deplores,
Till as they grew high in their bacchanal revels,
They fell to discoursing of witches and devils—

A neat single rap,
Just the ghost of a tap,

That would scarcely have wakened a flea from his nap,
Not at all in its sound like your "Rochester Knock-
ing,"

(Where asses in herds are diurnally flocking.)
But twice as mysterious, and vastly more shocking,
Was heard at the door by the people within,
Who stopped in a moment their clamorous din,
And ceased in a trice from their jokes and their gin;

When who should appear

But an odd-looking stranger somewhat "in the sere,"
(He seemed at the least in his sixtieth year,)
And he limped in a manner exceedingly queer,
Wore breeches uncommonly wide in the rear,
And his nose was turned up with a comical sneer,
And he had in his eye a most villainous leer,
Quite enough to make any one tremble with fear!

Whence he came,
And what was his name,
d what his purpose in venturing out,
d whether his lameness was "gammon" or gout,
merely fatigue from strolling about,
re questions involved in a great deal of doubt—

When taking a chair,
With a sociable air,
e that which your "Uncle" 's accustomed to wear,
a broker determined to sell you a share,
his splendid "New England gold-mining" affair,
opened his mouth and went on to declare
it he was a *devil*—"The devil you are?"
ed one of the guests assembled there,
th a sudden start, and a frightened stare!
lay, don't be alarmed," the stranger exclaims,
t the name of the devil—*I'm the Devil of Names!*

You'll wonder why
Such a devil as I,
o ought, you would say, to be devilish shy,
ould venture in here with never a doubt,
d let the best of his secrets out;

But mind you, my boys,
It's one of the joys
the cunningest woman and the craftiest man,
run as quickly as ever they can,
d put a confidant under ban
: to publish their favorite plan!

And even the de'il
Will sometimes feel
ittle of that remarkable zeal,

And (when it's safe) delights to tell
The very deepest *arcana* of—well—
Besides, my favor this company wins,
For I value next to capital sins,
Those out-and-outers who revel in inns !

So, not to delay,

I'm going to say

In the very fullest and frankest way,
All about my honors and claims,
Projects and plans, and objects and aims,
And *why* I'm called 'the Devil of Names !'

I cheat by false graces,

And duplicate faces,

And treacherous praises,

And by hiding bad things under plausible phrases !

I'll give you a sample,

By way of example—

Here's a bottle before me, will suit to a T
For a nice illustration—this liquor, d'ye see,
Is the water of death, though topers agree
To think it, and drink it as pure ' *eau de vie* ;'
I know what it is—that's sufficient for me !
For the blackest of sins, and crimes and shames,
I find soft words and innocent names.

The Hells devoted to Satan's games

I christen ' Saloons ' and ' Halls,' and then,

By another contrivance of mine again,

They're only haunted by ' sporting men '—

A phrase which many a gamester begs,

In spite of the saw that ' eggs is eggs ,'

To whiten his nigritudinous legs !

“To debauchees I graciously grant
The favor to be ‘a little gallant,’
And soften vicious vagrancy down,
By civilly speaking of ‘men about town ;’
 There’s cheating and lying
 In selling and buying,
And all sorts of frauds and dishonest exactations,
I’ve brought to the smallest of moral infractions,
Merely by naming them ‘business transactions !’
There’s swindling, now, is vastly more fine
As ‘Banking’—a lucky invention of mine,
Worth ten in the *old* diabolical line !
In lesser matters it’s all the same,
I gain the thing by yielding the name ;
It’s really quite the broadest of jokes—
But, on my honor, there’s plenty folks
So uncommonly fond of verbal cloaks,
They can’t enjoy the dinners they eat,
Court the ‘muse of the twinkling feet,’
Laugh and sing, and do anything meet
For Christian people, without a cheat
To make their happiness quite complete !

 The Boston saints
 Are fond of these feints ;
A theatre rouses the loudest complaints,
Till it’s thoroughly purged from pestilent taints,
By the charm of a name and a pious *Te Deum*—
Yet they patronize actors, and handsomely fee ‘em !
Keep (shade of ‘the Howards !’) a gay ‘Athenæum,’
And have, above all, a harmless ‘Museum,’
Where folks who love plays may religiously see ‘em !

“But leaving a trifle which costs me more trouble
By far than the worth of so flimsy a bubble,
I come to a matter which really claims
The studious care of the Devil of Names.
There’s ‘Charity,’ now—”

But the lecture was done,
Like old Goody Morey’s, when scarcely begun ;
The devil’s discourse by its serious teaching
Had set ‘em a-snoring, like regular preaching !
One look of disdain on the sleepers he threw,
As in bitter contempt of the slumbering crew
And the devil had vanished without more ado—
A trick, I suspect, that he seldom plays you !

JOHN G. SAXE.

NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindest mood ;
“There,” said he, “you little Flat-head,
There’s a top because you’re good !”

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervor,
“Oh ! how kind of Uncle John !”

While mamma my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood,
Read me this fine moral lesson,
“ See what comes of being good !”

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play ;

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stockings
Till they were all over dirt !

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb :
—She exclaim'd, with fond affection,
“ Gracious goodness ! look at *him* !”—

Pa cried, when he saw my garment,
'Twas a newly-purchased dress—
“ Oh ! you nasty little *Warment*,
How came you in such a mess ?”

Then he caught me by the collar,
—Cruel only to be kind—
And to my exceeding dolor,
Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather stony-hearted—
“ Little rascal ! *serve* him right !”

I remember, I remember,
 From that sad and solemn day,
 Never more in dark December
 Did I venture out to play.

And the moral which they taught, I
 Well remember ; thus they said—
 “ Little boys, when they are naughty,
 Must be whipp'd and sent to bed !”

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

MOLONY'S LAMENT.

O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,
 And read what the peepers repoort ?
 They're goin to recal the Liftinint,
 And shut up the Castle and Coort !
 Our desolate countrhy of Oireland
 They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy ;
 And now, having murdthered our countrhy,
 They're goin to kill the Viceroy,
 Dear boy !—
 'Twas he was our proide and our joy.

And will we no longer behould him,
 Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
 As he weaves his cocked hat from the windies,
 And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs ?

I liked for to see the young haroes,
All shoining with sthripes and with stars,
A horsing about in the Phaynix,
And winking the girls in the cyars—
Like Mars,
A smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear Mitchell, exoiled to Bermudies,
Your beautiful oilids you'll ope!—
And there'll be an abondance of croyin
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope—
When they read of this news in the peepers,
Acrass the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish Liftinints
Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.
God save
The Queen—she should betther behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthreet,
And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
Whin the Coort of imparial splendor
From Doblin's sad city departs?
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers
When the deuce of a Coort there remains;
And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thraints?
In sthrains
It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's lady,
'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,
And she wanted a plinty of popplin
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;

She bought it of Misthress O'Grady—
Eight shillings a yard tabinet—
But now that the Coort is concluded
The divvle a yard will she get :
I bet,
Bedad, that she wears the ould set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
They'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs' ;
Each year, at the dthrawing-room sayson,
They mounted the natest of wigs.
When Spring, with its buds, and its daisies,
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,
Because there is no dthrawing-room,
For whom
They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,
'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,
And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,
To feast the Lord Liftinint's Coort.
But now that the quality's goin,
I warnt that the aiting will stop,
And you'll get at the Alderman's teeble
The devil a bite or a dthrop,
Or chop,
And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin ;
And his Lordship, the dear, honest man ;
And the Duchess, his eemiable leedy ;
And Corry, the bould Connellan ;

And little Lord Hyde and the childthren ;
And the Chewter and Governess tu ;
And the servants are packing their boxes—
O, murther, but what shall I due
Without you ?
O Meery, with ois of the blue !

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

IVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

O WILL ye choose to hear the news ?
Bedad I cannot pass it o'er :
I'll tell you all about the Ball
To the Naypaulese Ambassador.
Begor ! this fete all balls does bate
At which I worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendhor great
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,
To fete these black Achilleses.
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almacks,
And take the rooms at Willis's."
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,
 So sweetly in the middle there,
 And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
 And violins did fiddle there.
 And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
 I'd lave you, boys, to think there was
 A nate buffet before them set,
 Where lashins of good dhrink there was !

At ten, before the ball-room door
 His moighty Excellency was;
 He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd—
 So gorgeous and immense he was.
 His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
 Into the door-way followed him;
 And O the noise of the blackguard boys,
 As they hurrood and hollowed him !

The noble chair stud at the stair,
 And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
 Did thus evince to that Black Prince
 The welcome of his Company.
 O fair the girls, and rich the curls,
 And bright the oys you saw there, was;
 And fixed each oye, ye there could spoil,
 On Ginerall Jung Bahawther was !

This Ginerall great then tuck his sate,
 With all the other ginerals,
 (Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,
 All bleezed with precious minerals;)

And as he there, with princely air,
Recloinin on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair
The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes and Earls,
Such fashion and nobilitee !
Just think of Tim, and fancy him
Amidst the hoigh'gentilitee !
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygheese
Ministher and his lady there ;
And I reckonized, with much surprise,
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there ;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
And Baroness Rehausen there,
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
Well in her robes of gauze, in there.
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first
When only Mr. Pips he was),
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife—
I wondther how he could stuff her in.
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
And seemed to ask how should I go there ?
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes and Earls, and diamonds and pearls,
 And pretty girls, was spoorting there ;
 And some beside (the rogues !) I spied
 Behind the windies, coorting there.
 O, there's one I know, bedad, would show
 As beautiful as any there ;
 And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
 And shake a fut with Fanny there !

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE :

A LEGEND OF JARVIS'S JETTY.

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*).

I WAS in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,
 I saw a little vulgar boy—I said, “What make you
 here ?—
 The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything
 but joy ;”
 Again I said, “What make you here, you little vulgar
 boy ?”
 He frown'd, that little vulgar boy,—he deem'd I meant
 to scoff—
 And when the little heart is big, a little “sets it off ;”
 He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—
 He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose !
 “Hark ! don't you hear, my little man ?—it's striking
 nine,” I said,
 “An hour when all good little boys and girls should be
 in bed.

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold
—Oh ! fie !—

It's very wrong, indeed, for little boys to stand and
cry !”

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbb'd with agony,—he cried like any
thing !

I stoop'd, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur
—“ Ah !

I haven't got no supper ! and I haven't got no Ma !!—

“ My father, he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and
gone !

And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone ;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my
heart,

Nor 'brown' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a
tart.

“ If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in em-
ploy,

By day or night, then blow me tight !” (he was a vulgar
boy ;)

“ And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fix'd
intent

To jump, as Mr. Levi did from off the Monu-ment !”

“ Cheer up ! cheer up ! my little man—cheer up !” I
kindly said,

“ You are a naughty boy to take such things into your
head :

If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break
your legs,
Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you sure as eggs
are eggs !

“Come home with me, my little man, come home with me
and sup ;
My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—
There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and
you—
“Come home, you little vulgar boy—I lodge at Num-
ber 2.”

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside “The
Foy,”
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar
boy,—
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her
sex,
“Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X !”

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she “did not like to wait on little vulgar
boys.”
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubb'd
the delf,
Said I might “go to Jericho, and fetch my beer my-
self !”

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—
I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call a
“bob”—

It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
And I said “A pint of double X, and please to draw it
mild !”

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and
chair—

I could not see my little friend—because he was not
there !

I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—
I said, “ You little vulgar boy ! why what's become of
you ?”

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could not
see

The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea ;
I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh,
dear !

I know 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for
beer.

I could not see my Mackintosh—it was not to be seen—
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad brimm'd and
lined with green ;

My carpet-bag—my cruet stand, that holds my sauce
and soy,—

My roast potatoes !—all are gone !—and so's that vul-
gar boy !

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down be-
low,

“—Oh, Mrs. Jones ! what *do* you think ?—ain't this a
pretty go ?—

That horrid little vulgar boy whom I brought here to-night,
He's stolen my things and run away! !"—Says she,
" And sarve you right! !"

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar boy, who'd gone and used me so;
But when the crier cried, "O Yes!" the people cried,
" O No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,
There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down,
I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated well,
And call'd me "Poor old Buffer!" what that means I cannot tell.

That sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard before,
A little "gallows-looking chap,"—dear me! what could he mean?
With a "carpet-swab," and "mucking-togs," and a hat turn'd up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen
him "sheer,"

—It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very
queer—

And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their
use,

—It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things
so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to
say

He'd seen that little vulgar boy, that morning, swim
away

In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,
And they were now, as he supposed "somewheres" about
The Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the
Mill—

And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veep-
ing Bill!"

He said, "he'd done me werry brown," and nicely *stowed*
the *swag*,"

—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-
bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track ;
He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back ?"
I answered, "To be sure I do !—it's what I'm come
about."

He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that
you are out ?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who'd
"done me brown."
His lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar
boys about."

He sent for Mr. Withair then, and I described "the
swag,"
My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-
bag;
He promised that the New Police should all their pow'rs
employ;
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar boy !

MORAL.

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my Grand-
ma' tell,
"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL
DO FULL WELL!"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, whov'e got no fix'd
abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say, "they wish they
may be blowed!"
Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night
go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring
your stout !

And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring
the bell !

Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty
well !

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THE RAIL.

I MET him in the cars,
Where resignedly he sat;
His hair was full of dust,
And so was his cravat;
He was furthermore embellished
By a ticket in his hat.

The conductor touched his arm,
And awoke him from his nap;
When he gave the feeding flies
An admonitory slap,
And his ticket to the man
In the yellow-lettered cap.

So, launching into talk,
We rattled on our way,
With allusions to the crops
That along the meadows lay—
Whereupon his eyes were lit
In a speculative ray.

The heads of many men
Were bobbing as in sleep,
And many babies lifted
Their voices up to weep;

While the coal-dust darkly fell
On bonnets in a heap.

All the while the swaying cars
Kept rumbling o'er the rail,
And the frequent whistle sent
Shrieks of anguish to the gale,
And the cinders pattered down
On the grimy floor like hail.

When suddenly a jar,
And a thrice-repeated bump,
Made the people in alarm
From their easy cushions jump ;
For they deemed the sounds to be
The inevitable trump.

A splintering crash below,
A doom-foreboding twitch,
As the tender gave a lurch
Beyond the flying switch—
And a mangled mass of men
Lay writhing in the ditch.

With a palpitating heart,
My friend essayed to rise ;
There were bruises on his limbs
And stars before his eyes,
And his face was of the hue
Of the dolphin when it dies.

* * * * *

I was very well content
In escaping with my life;
But my mutilated friend
Commenced a legal strife—
Being thereunto incited
By his lawyer and his wife.

And he writes me the result,
In his quiet way as follows:
That his case came up before
A bench of legal scholars,
Who awarded him his claim,
\$15,000 !

Anonymous.

AN OLD FABLE MODERNIZED.

I GLEAN this fable from jolly old Rabelais,
Who ne'er marred a story by telling it shabbily,
And I earnestly hope that my versification
Will give to its moral a plain application;
Which moral will show that by acting too speedily,
And grasping and striving for aught over greedily,
'Twill end most likely in signal disaster
(Reward from the ancient particular master),
While we who are modest, and not any covetous,
Taking all quiet, as Fortune may shove it us,
Will make out better be sure at the last of it,
And in its enjoyment make ample repast of it:

One day, when the gods, in high debate,
Had waxed quite warm on concerns of state,
And Jupiter Tonans wiped his face,
As discussion found a resting place—
(For on the nods of the gods, you know,
Depended all matters then below,
And business of merely men or kings,
Or any other terrestrial things,
Must come before the conclave high,
Convened in chambers of the sky),—
That a fearful clamor from earth arose,
Like the accent of a thousand woes,
That broke the Thunderer's short repose.

“What are the sounds that our ears profane ?
Mercury ! start like a railway train ;
Open the windows of heaven, and know
The cause of all this rumpus below.”

Then Mercury listened with eager ear,
And smiled to himself the sound to hear,
For in truth it struck him as rather queer :

“O Jupiter Tonans,” a voice cried out,
With tone stentoriously stout,
That rung like a trumpet arraying a host—
“O Jupiter Tonans ! my axe is lost !
O cruel fortune, thus for to bother one !
O great Jupiter, give me another one !”

Then Jupiter winked with an ominous leer,
As he the petitioner's prayer did hear—

“Confound the fellow ! what clamor he makes !
The very concave of heaven he shakes,
As if he’d all of creation tax,
By making this muss about his axe !
Yet offer him one of silver or gold,
He’d no longer clamor for this so bold.
Run, Mercury, run ! or, sure as a gun,
By this chap’s noise we are all undone !
Offer him axe of silver and gold,
And iron—his own choice uncontrolled—
I’ll stake my sceptre that he’ll think higher on
Either the silver or gold than the iron ;
But if he choose silver or gold instead,
I say, Mercury, off with his head !”

Jupiter frowned like easterly weather,
And the gods, affrighted, huddled together,
And shook in every wing and feather !

Mercury gave one jump, and flew,
Cutting his way through the ether blue,
And quick as the lightning made his tracks,
Where the man was bellowing for his axe.
“Here ’tis, old chap !” then Mercury said,
And threw before him the gold one red.
“None of your tricks,” said he right cross,
“ ’Tisn’t for this I mourn the loss.”
Then Mercury threw the silver down
Which suited still less the weeping clown :
But when the iron one met his view,
He cried, delighted, “ ’Tis good as new.”

He held its handle, and grasped it tight,
And said, "Old fellow, this ere's all right!"
Then Mercury called him an honest soul,
Told him for this he should have the whole;
Then left all three with the happy elf,
And went right back to report himself.

Now the clod was rich, and with few words
He bought him houses, and barns, and herds.
His neighbours wondered this to see,
And sought to unravel the mystery;
Nor long did he their wondering tax,
But told the story about his axe.
Then all who had axes vowed to go
And see what luck to them would flow:
And those who had none stopped at nought
But sold their goods and axes bought,
Then went away, resolved to lose 'em,
And make appeal to Jove's own bosom,
Convinced that he would not refuse 'em.

Their clamoring wakened all the sky,
And angry grew the Thunderer's eye,—
Who summoned Mercury to go
Upon his errand again below—
"These chaps must n't be left to pother one,
Serve them just as you did the other one;
Put the test that then you tried,
Let them for themselves decide,
Give what they ax, and let 'em slide!"

Down went Mercury on his mission
Where they noisily made petition.
The golden axe on the ground he threw :
The first one greedily at it flew,
When, swinging the steel axe in his hand,
The head of the seeker sought the sand ;
And so of the whole of the clamorous crowd
Each nose like a coulter the green sward ploughed ;
And from this day's ensanguined workery
Arose man's guess of the uses of mercury.—
And it undoubtedly a palpable fact is,
Ten medical colleges, all in full practice,
With surgeons awaiting a chance to dissect you all,
Couldn't make mercury more effectual,
Or cut men down quicker than Mercury packed his
On this first day of "legitimate" practice.

My friends, ye who read this fable so winning,
Look for the moral at the beginning—
For which, and the story, think just as you may of them,
I have nothing more at present to say of them.

B. P. SHILLABER.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

GUVENTER B. is a sensible man ;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener. B.

My ! aint it terrible ? Wut shall we du ?
 We can't never choose him, o' course—thet's flat ;
 Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you ?)
 An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;
 Fer John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he wont vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a drefflle smart man :
 He's ben on all sides that give places or pelf ;
 But consistency still wuz a part of his plan—
 He's ben true to one party—an' thet is himself ;—
 So John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. goes in fer the war :
 He don't vally principle more'n an old cud ;
 Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
 But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood ?
 So John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin on nicely up here to our village,
 With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut aint,
 We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
 An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint ;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' President Polk, you know, he is our country;
An' the angel that writes all our sins in a book
Puts the debit to him, an' to us per contrys;

An' John P.

Robinson he

Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these arguments lies;

Sez there's nothin' on airth but jest fee faw fum;

An' thet all this big talk of our destinies

Is half on it ignorance, an' t'other half rum;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez he never heerd in his life

Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail
coats,

An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,

To git some on 'em office, and some on 'em votes;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us

The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow—

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,

To drive the world's team when it gets in a slough;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out, Gee !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PHAETHON ;

OR THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.

DAN PHAËTHON,—so the histories run,—
Was a jolly young chap, and a son of the Sun;
Or rather of Phœbus,—but as to his mother,
Genealogists make a deuse of a pother,
Some going for one, and some for another!
For myself, I must say, as a careful explorer,
This roaring young blade was the son of Aurora!

Now old Father Phœbus, ere railways begun
To elevate funds and deprecate fun,
Drove a very fast coach by the name of “The Sun;”
 Running, they say,
 Trips every day,
(On Sundays and all, in a heathenish way,)
All lighted up with a famous array
Of lanterns that shone with a brilliant display,
And dashing along like a gentleman’s “shay,”
With never a fare, and nothing to pay!
Now Phaëthon begged of his doting old father,
To grant him a favor, and this the rather,
Since some one had hinted, the youth to annoy,
That he wasn’t by any means Phœbus’s boy!
Intending, the rascally son of a gun,
To darken the brow of the son of the Sun!
“By the terrible Styx!” said the angry sire,
While his eyes flashed volumes of fury and fire,

“To prove your reviler an infamous liar,
I swear I will grant you whate'er you desire !”

“Then by my head,”
The youngster said,

“I'll mount the coach when the horses are fed !—
For there's nothing I'd choose, as I'm alive,
Like a seat on the box and a dashing drive !”

“Nay, Phaëthon, don't,—
I beg you won't,—

Just stop a moment and think upon't !
You're quite too young,” continued the sage,
“To tend a coach at your tender age !

Besides, you see,
'Twill really be

Your first appearance on any stage !
Desist, my child,
The cattle are wild,

And when their mettle is thoroughly 'riled,'
Depend upon't, the coach'll be 'spiled'—
They're not the fellows to draw it mild !

Desist, I say,
You'll rue the day,—

So mind, and don't be foolish, Pha !”

But the youth was proud,
And swore aloud,

“Twas just the thing to astonish the crowd,
He'd have the horses and wouldn't be cowed !
In vain the boy was cautioned at large,
He called for the chargers, unheeding the charge,
And vowed that any young fellow of force,
Could manage a dozen coursers, of course !

Now Phœbus felt exceedingly sorry
He had given his word in such a hurry;
But having sworn by the Styx, no doubt
He was in for it now, and couldn't back out.
So calling Phaëthon up in a trice,
He gave the youth a bit of advice:—

‘ *“Parce stimulis, utere loris!”*’

(A ‘stage direction,’ of which the core is,
Don’t use the whip,—they’re ticklish things,—
But, whatever you do, hold on to the strings)
Remember the rule of the Jehu-tribe is,

‘ *“Medio tutissimus ibis,”*’

(As the Judge remarked to a rowdy Scotchman,
Who was going to quod between two watchmen !)
So mind your eye, and spare your goad,
Be shy of the stones, and keep in the road !”

Now Phaëthon perched on coachman’s place,
Drove off the steeds at a furious pace,
Fast as coursers running a race,
Or bounding along in a steeple-chase !
Of whip and shout there was no lack,

“ Crack—whack—

Whack—crack ”

Resounded along the horses’ back !—
Frightened beneath the stinging lash,
Cutting their flanks in many a gash,
On—on they sped as swift as a flash,
Through thick and thin away they dash,
(Such rapid driving is always rash !)
When all at once, with a dreadful crash,
The whole “ establishment ” went to smash !

And Phaëthon, he,
As all agree,
Off the coach was suddenly hurled
Into a puddle, and out of the world !

MORAL.

Don't rashly take to dangerous courses,—
Nor set it down in your table of forces,
That any one man equals any four horses !

Don't swear by the Styx !—
It's one of Old Nick's
Diabolical tricks
To get people into a regular "fix,"
And hold 'em there as fast as bricks !

JOHN G. SAXE.

RAIL-BIRD SHOOTING.

He went out in the morning early,
Cocked and primed was he,
"I'll bring home a load of Rails!"
Was his mental soliloquy.
He hired a splendid "pusher,"
A cock-eyed, stout built man,
Who'd always stand by liquor,
"As long as water ran."

His "ammunition box"
He put in the stern of the boat;
He loaded his Krider gun;
He took off his shooting-coat.

“ I'll have warm work to-day,”
 He spoke—but a gentle *creek*!
 Showed him a rail just rising,
 So he raised his gun to his cheek.

“ Rip-bang!” went the right-hand barrel—
 “ Mark!” said the pusher: then
 Uprose from the reeds another rail;
 Rose up—to fall again!

He loaded and fired away
 Till the tide began to fall;
 Up to his knees in rails he stood,
 The brag-shot of them all.

“ We'd better git out of this,
 For the tide's a running down!”

Thus spoke the stout-built pusher,
 As he whirled the boat around.

No answer the gunner made;
 For he was taking a drink
 Out of a big black bottle,
 Containing rum—I think.

(GUNNER *speaks.*)

“ I want more rails, by thunder!
 To fence my hunger in:
 I've only shot six dozen yet:
 To knock off now's a sin.”

(PUSHER *answers.*)

“ I rather think I've got
 Three dozen 'staked out' here,
 You'll make the bulliest shooting
 Been done down here *this* year!”

Then fraternally both took a drink
From the big black bottle of rum.
The stout pusher said with a wink,
"I guess that liquor's *some!*!"

Over the side of the boat,
Over the side leaned he,
And pulled in the "staked-out rail"
You've shot *nine dozen!*" said he.

As he turned to hand them over
To the gunner in the stern,
The bottle tripped up his foot,
And he made an over-turn.
Into six foot mud and water
Went gun, men, birds and all;
And—then came the *genuine railing*;
Railing with shout and bawl!

HENRY P. LELAND.

FANS.

FROM London to Canton, New York to Japan,
One hour with another, somewhere waves a fan :
Be it palm-leaf or silk,—of wood, ivory, or pearl;
Be it homely or "worldly," it's e'er on the whirl.

Brown Inez at Madrid, dark Julia at Rome,
Yellow Wang-ta at Canton, fair Fanny at home ;
Though so different in natures, are yet of one mind—
That fans, like fast brokers, can soon "raise the
wind."

On the Prado, brown Inez talks love with her fan;
On the Corso, dark Julia suggests—that's her plan;
Wang-ta, in old China Street, fans for her ease,
And Fanny, "Our Fan," fans "to kick up a breeze."

Yes, fans are for Inez, strong "motives" of love:
For Julia, assistants, to church and state move;
For Wang-ta, celestial, to drive away care;
For Fanny distinguée;—they give "such an air."

In concert-rooms, operas, theatres, and balls,
Where bright eyes shine brighter, and love for love
calls,
Fans are sceptres of beauty, its emblems of rule,
And waved o'er men's heads, bid them love, and—
"keep cool."

HENRY P. LELAND.

THE MILKMAID AND THE BANKER.

A MILKMAID, with a very pretty face,
Who lived at Acton,
Had a black cow, the ugliest in the place,
A crooked-backed one,
A beast as dangerous, too, as she was frightful,
Vicious and spiteful;
And so confirmed a truant that she bounded
Over the hedges daily, and got pounded:
'Twas all in vain to tie her with a tether,
For then both cow and cord eloped together.

Armed with an oaken bough—(what folly !
It should have been of thorn, or prickly holly,)
Patty one day was driving home the beast,
Which had as usual slipped its anchor,
When on the road she met a certain Banker,
Who stopped to give his eyes a feast,
By gazing on her features crimsoned high
By a long cow-chase in July.

“ Are you from Acton, pretty lass ? ” he cried ;
“ Yes ”—with a courtesy she replied.
“ Why, then you know the laundress, Sally Wrench ? ”
“ Yes, she’s my cousin, sir, and next-door neighbor.”
“ That’s lucky—I’ve a message for the wench
Which needs despatch, and you may save my labor.
Give her this kiss, my dear, and say I sent it :
But mind, you owe me one—I’ve only lent it.”
“ She shall know,” cried the girl, as she brandished her
bough,
“ Of the loving intentions you bore me ;
But since you’re in haste for the kiss, you’ll allow,
That you’d better run forward and give it my cow,
For she, at the rate she is scampering now,
Will reach Acton some minutes before me.”

HORACE SMITH.

THE COMET.

THE Comet ! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies ;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies ;

Ah ! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And Satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail !

On, on by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames ;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names ;
One spurn from his demoniac heel,—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for “ Tyrian dye.”

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil’s path
Our earth should chance to be ?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forest gleam ;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream !

I saw a tutor take his tube,
The comet’s course to spy ;
I heard a scream,—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor’s eye ;
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green ;
Pop cracked the guns ! whiz flew the balls !
Bang went the magazine !

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
"The Dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts
Burst through the rumbling mines ;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town ;
They answered not,—but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg ;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg ;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze ;

I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine ;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul ;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights ! strange sounds ! O fearful dream !
Its memory haunts me still,
The streaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill ;
Stranger ! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A OREGON LAY.

AMONG them that come up to speckilate in stock and supplies,
Was a fellow named Stuart, a man of enterprise ;
He bought him a switch-tail sorrel, two years old, which hed a white face,
And he bantered all Portland, O. T., for a three-hundred yard race.

Thar was a man hed a horse, which he thought her pretty fair,
She was ginerally know'd as Millard's thousand dollar mare ;
He hadn't no idea, he said, of doing anything so rash,
But he took up Mister Stuart for two hundred dollars, cash.

So every soul in Portland, O. T., went straight down to
the course,
And every cent we borryed, we bet on Millard's horse;
And thar was that speckilating Stuart, with his hand
upon his hip,
And two men a-following with a tin pail full of dollars, and
a champagne-basket full of scrip !

Wall, they measured off the ground, and the horses got
a start,
And come running down right pretty, about four foot
apart;
And the Millard mare had it all her own way, so every-
body said,
Till just as they got to the eend of the track, that are
sorrel shot suthin' like ten foot ahead !

Arter we seen that, there riz a most surprising din,
And remarks like this here followed, "Dog my ever-
lastin' skin,"
"I'll be dod-derned, and dog-goned, and ding-blamed,
by Pike,"
And thar was such a awful howling, and swearing, *and*
dancing, that many old people said they never
had seed the like.

And that are speckilatin' Stuart, he made matters
worse;
He packed the money in a hand-cart and didn't care a
cuss ;

And sweetly smiling, pulled it off as though he didn't
mind the heft,
And since then we havn't paid no taxes, nor bought no-
thing, nor sold nothing, for I do suppose that in
all Portland, O. T., there aint a single red cent
left.

GEORGE H. DERBY.

ST. MICHAEL'S EVE.

I WILL tell to you a story, for in winter time we bore
ye
With many an ancient legend and tale of bygone time;
And methinks that there is in it enough to pass a
minute,
So, to add to my vain glory, I have put it into rhyme.

As I heard it you shall hear it,—by one whom I revere,
it
Was told me, as in childhood upon his knee I sat.
It treats of days long vanished,—of the times of James
the Banished,
Of periwig and rapier, and quaint three-cornered hat.

Sir Walter Ralph de Guyon, of a noble house the scion,
Though his monarch was defeated, still held bravely to
his cause,
And foremost in the slaughter by the Boyne's ill-fated
water
Was seen his knightly cognizance,—a bear with bloody
paws.

But when the fight was over, escaping under cover
Of the darkness and confusion, to England he returned,
As well might be expected, dispirited, dejected,
But his rage within him smouldered, nor ever brightly
burned.

Save when his daughter Alice would say in playful
malice,
That she loved the gallant Orange much better than the
Green;
And that as a maid she'd tarry, till she found a chance
to marry
With one true to William her bold king, and Mary her
good queen.

Then Sir Walter's brow would darken, and he'd mutter,
"Alice, hearken,
By my child no such treason shall be spoken e'en in
jest;
And bethink you, oh, my daughter! there is one across
the water
Who shall one day have his own again, though now he's
sore distressed."

Little knew he that each even, 'twixt the hours of six
and seven,
Just below his daughter's casement a whistle low was
blown;
And that soon as e'er it sounded through the wicket-gate
she bounded,
And was clasped in the embrace of one of bold "King
William's Own."

Ay ! De Ruyter was a gentleman, and high-bred were
his people ;
No chapel-going folks were they, but loved a church and
steeple !
His blood, of every good Dutch race contained a little
sprinkle—
A Knickerbocker was his sire, his aunt a Rip Van
Winkle ;
And so well he danced and sang, and kissed and talked
so wondrous clever,
He gave this maiden's heart a twist, and conquer'd it for
ever !
And being thus a captain gay, “condemned to country
quarters,”
A favorite of his royal lord, adorned with stars and
garters,
 He saw this young maid,
 As one day on parade
He was gaily attired, all jackboots and braid.
 He stared, she but glanced,
 Her charms it enhanced ;
She passed him quickly, he rested entranced !
 No orders he utters,
 But vacantly mutters
(Though clamoring round him his underlings gabble
hard)
“ She's to me Eloisa ; to her I'll be Abelard ! ”

And ever since that hour, whene'er he had the power,
Across to bold Sir Walter's the captain bent his
path ;

At the garden-gate he met her—upon his knee he set
her—

And, vanquished by the daughter's love, forgot the
father's wrath.

Till when on the day in question, with a view to aid
digestion,

Some retainers of Sir Walter, who with their lord had
dined,

Bethought of promenading, what by Gamp is called the
“garding,”

And, during their researches, what think ye they should
find ?

But a gallant captain kneeling, and apparently appeal-
ing,

To a dame who, all seeming, was encouraging his suit ;
All dishevelled were her tresses by the warmth of his
caresses,

And her eye with love was liquid, although her voice was
mute !

“A prize ! a prize !” quoth these Papist spies,—

“A prize for our gallant lord !”

And before poor De Ruyter awoke from surprise
They had pinioned his arms, they had bandaged his
eyes ;

And when he recovered, his first surmise

Was “At length, I am thoroughly floored !”

For assistance he calls, but they gag him,

And off to Sir Walter they drag him ;

While Abraham Cooper,
A stalwart old trooper,
Expresses a hope that they'll "scrag" him.
He conceives it "a pretty idea, as
To think that these Dutch furrineerers
Should come here a-courtin',
On our manors sportin';
A set of young winkers and leerers!"

Sir Walter's brow grew black as night,
He doubted if he heard aright ;
"What, to my daughter kneeling here !
Methinks thou'rt daring, cavalier,
To venture 'neath the gripe of one
Whose ancient race, from sire to son,
Has ever, e'en in face of death,
Upheld that pure and holy faith
By thee and thine denied !
Or think'st thou that, to bow the knee
And whisper words of gallantry
To one of English blood and birth,
Were pastime meet for hour of mirth ?
God's life ! before to-morrow's sun
Gilds yonder wood, thy race is run ;
Nought care I for thy foreign king,
From yon tall oak thy corpse shall swing,
Let good or ill betide !"

Away he is hurried,
All worried and flurried,
And locked in a chamber, dark, dirty, and small.

Huge barriers of iron
The windows environ,
And the door leads but into the banqueting-hall.
The banqueting-hall is soon gaily lit up,
For Sir Walter loved dearly a well-filled cup,
And sent to invite
Each guest that night,
With "Where you have dined, boys, why there you shall
sup."

In the banqueting-hall,
Both great and small,
The cavalier knights, the retainers tall,
Together are gathered—one and all.

The red wine has flowed and taken effect
On all, save poor Alice, who distraite, deject,
Has refused to take part in this riotous revel,
And wished those who did with the—Father of Evil.

The mirth was at its loudest, the humblest and the
proudest
Were hobnobbing together, as though the dearest
friends;
While some for wine were bawling, there were others
loudly calling
For a song,—that ancient fiction which e'er to misery
tends.

When Sir Walter grasped the table—rose, as well as he
was able—
And entreated for a moment that his guests would give
him heed:

“ ‘Tis St. Michael’s Eve,—a time accursed by a crime
Committed by my ancestor—a ruthless, bloody deed!

“ For during times of danger, a sable-armored stranger
One night had roused the castle, and shelter had im-
 plored;

Much gold, he said, he carried, and now too late had
 tarried,
To risk the chance of robbers, or to cross the neighbor-
 ing ford.

“ He was shown into a bed room, since that period called
 the Red Room,
(You can see it,” said Sir Walter, “ for yonder is the
 door;
And there, in our safe keeping, the Dutchman now is
 sleeping);
And from that room the stranger never, never issued
 more.

“ But throughout this ancient castle, each terror-stricken
 vassal
Heard shriek on shriek resounding in the middle of the
 night;

And with the dawn of morning would each have ‘given
 warning,’

But for one little obstacle yclept the ‘feudal right.’

“ So no murm’ring e’er was uttered, and old Sir Bran-
 dreh muttered

That his visitor had left him as soon as break of day;
But one thing worth attention Sir Brandreth didn’t men-
 tion,—

He didn’t take his armor; there in the room it lay.

“And there it lies at present; but each credulous old peasant
Will tell you that upon this night the spectre walks abroad;
’Tis just about his hour, if he really have the power,
We now shall see him. Heavens! he enters, by the Lord!”

Bang! clash!
With a terrible crash,
Flies open the bedroom door;
And out stalks a figure,
To their eyes much bigger
Than great Gog or Magog, more black than a nigger,
In armor accoutred from head to heel,—
Black rusty old armor, not polished steel,
His vizor is down, but he takes a sight,
Though he moves not his eyes to the left or right;
He says not a word, but he walks straight on,
The hall doors ope at his step! he’s gone!
He clanks ’cross the court-yard, and enters the stable;
His footsteps are heard by the guests ’neath the table,
For there they have hidden them every one.

There, shivering and shaking, they waited till the breaking
Of the daylight showed the power of all ghosts was at an
end;
Then one by one uprising, declared it was surprising
That, overcome by liquor, each had dropped down by his
friend;

Till the heart of each was lightened by finding that as
frightened
As he himself were all by the spiritual sight ;
But their courage and their strength coming back to them
at length,
They hasten to the prisoner's room, and find it vacant
quite !

Yes ! De Ruyter had departed ! for while lying all down-
hearted,
And thinking of poor Alice, he remembered just in time
The spectre-walking legend—he had heard it from a
“peagant”
(Excuse the Gampism, reader, but I use it for the
rhyme).

And on the instant bright'ning, he proceeded quick as
lightning.
To dress him in the armor which the sable knight had
left,
And he listened to the host, till, at mention of the
ghost,
He burst upon the drinkers, of their senses nigh bereft.

He called Alice to the stable ; then as fast as he was
able,
Galloped off towards his quarters ; thence to London
hastened on ;
There was married to his charmer, thence sent back the
sable armor,
And asked Sir Walter's sanction to the good deed he had
done.

My tale is nearly ended. Sir Walter much offended
At the hoax played off upon him, would not listen for
awhile;
But regretting much his daughter, came at length to
town and sought her,
For he missed her childish prattle and her fond endear-
ing smile.

And then, on this occasion, a grand reconciliation
He had with young De Ruyter—ever after they were
friends.

So having now related the tale to me as stated,
I take my humble leave of you, and here my story
ends.

EDMOND H. YATES.

THE BANK CLERK AND THE STABLE KEEPERS.

SHOWING how Peter was undone
By taking care of Number One.—

Of Peter Prim (so Johnson would have written,)
Let me indulge in the remembrance;—Peter !
Thy formal phiz has oft my fancy smitten,
For sure the bank had never a completer
Quiz among its thousand clerks,
Than he who elicits our remarks.—

Prim was a formalist, a prig,
A solemn fop, an office Martinet,
One of those small precisians who look big
If half an hour before their time they get

To an appointment, and abuse those elves
Who are not over-punctual like themselves.

If you should mark his powdered head betimes,
And polished shoes in Lothbury,
You knew the hour—for the three-quarters' chimes
Invariably struck as he went by ;
From morning fines he always saved his gammon,
Not from his hate of sloth, but love of Mammon.

For Peter had a special eye
To Number One—his charity
At home beginning, ne'er extends,
But where it started had its end, too ;
And as to lending cash to friends,
Luckily he had none to lend to.

No purchases so cheap as his,
While no one's bargains went so far,
And though in dress a deadly quiz,
No Quaker more particular.

This live automaton, who seemed
To move by clock-work, ever keen
To live upon the saving plan,
Had soon the honor to be deemed
That selfish, heartless, cold machine,
Called in the City—a warm man.

A Bank Director once, who dwelt at Chigwell,
Prim to a turtle-feast invited,
And as the reader knows the prig well,
I need not say he went, delighted ;

For great men, when they let you slice their meat,
May give a slice of loan—a richer treat.

No stage leaves Chigwell after eight,
Which was too early to come back,
So, after much debate,
Peter resolved to hire a hack ;
The more inclined to this, because he knew
In London Wall, at Number Two,
An economic stable-keeper,
From whom he hoped to get one cheaper.

Behold him mounted on his jade,
A perfect Johnny Gilpin figure ;
But the good bargain he had made
Compensating for sneer and snigger,
He trotted on—arrived—sat down,
Devoured enough for six or seven,
His horse remounted, and reached town
As he had fixed, exactly at eleven.
But whether habit led him, or the Fates
To give a preference to Number One,
(As he had always done,)
Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,
Certain it is he gave *that* bell a drag,
Instead of Number Two,
Rode in—dismounted—left his nag,
And homeward hurried without more ado.

Some days elapsed, and no one came
To bring the bill, or payment claim ;

He 'gan to hope 'twas overlooked,
 Forgotten quite, or never booked,
 An error which the honesty of Prim
 Would ne'er have rectified, if left to him.
 After six weeks, however, comes a pair
 Of groom-like looking men,
 Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to;
 One for the six weeks' *hire* of a bay mare,
 And one for six weeks' *keep* of ditto:
 Together—twenty-two pounds ten!

The tale got wind. What! Peter make a blunder?
 There was no end of joke, and quiz, and wonder,
 Which, with the loss of cash, so mortified
 Prim, that he suffered an attack
 Of bile, and bargained with a quack,
 Who daily swore to cure him—till he died;
 When, as no will was found,
 His scraped, and saved, and hoarded store,
 Went to a man to whom, some months before,
 He had refused to lend a pound!

HORACE SMITH.

THE TREASURY OF RAMPSINITUS.

CHAPTER I.

Of all the quaint tales that to reading invite us,
 The quaintest I know, is about Rampsinitus:
 As told by Herodotus, in his mood chirpy,
 (One hundred and twenty-first chapter, Euterpe.)
 First of all, then, we read, after Proteus was dead,
That Prince Rampsinitus was king in his stead;

So vast were his treasures of silver, no wonder
His Majesty wished to secure them from plunder ;
And determined at once, with this object alone,
He would have a grand chamber constructed of stone,
The architect's name I regret I can't tell,
But he thought he might *build his own fortune* as well ;
And being, it seems, at all dodges a dab,
He contrived in the chamber a movable slab ;
Thus the building was quickly completed, we're told,
And the king stored within it his silver and gold.
Well, time rolled along, till one very fine day
This architect found he must Nature's debt pay ;
So he summoned at once his two sons to his bed,
And after some puffing and wheezing, he said—
“ My boys ! with your welfare alone in my view,
I have done what but very few fathers would do.”
In short, the old fellow explained them his trick ;
Gave the size and the place of the movable brick,
And told them that, bearing this well in their mind,
They could draw the king's money whenever inclined ;
So, calling his progeny to his bedside,
The governor blessed them, and afterwards—died.
The funeral over, a period brief
Sufficed the bereaved ones for mourning and grief ;
They felt they had each a proud mission to fill,
And began to act up to their late father's will ;
To the chamber they came, under cover of night,
Found the slab, as their parent had told them, all right ;
Slipped it out from the wall—then slipped quietly in,
And succeeded in pocketing plenty of tin.

CHAPTER II.

Well, matters went smooth, and all seemed to be right,
Till the King found the great privy purse growing
light;
So he called the Lord Keeper to fetch him the key,
And proceeded at once to his stone treasury;
On opening the door just conceive his surprise!
His Majesty scarce could believe his own eyes,
When he saw the wholesale disappearance of tin,
Yet the chamber safe sealed, both without and within,
Indeed, it was clearly no case of house-breaking,
For the house was not broke—he was quite in a taking.
But when, on a second and third visitation,
He constantly found there was fresh depredation,
He issued his mandate for man-traps and gins
To be made, and set craftily all round the bins.

* * * * *

By and by came the thieves: one went in as before,
And proceeded to plunder the Royal store,
But when just in the act—O, my goodness! bang—
snap!

The unfortunate fellow was caught in the trap;
So seeing at once he was doomed for eternity,
With the greatest sang froid he called his *fraternity*:
“ You see my sad fix, my dear brother,” he said,
“ Come in, if you love me, and cut off my head;
For, should *I* be discovered, sure my recognition
Would bring *you* as well as myself to perdition.”
To this, with much feeling, the other replied:
“ You speak like a book, sir, it can’t be denied;

'Tis, of course, most unpleasant one's brother to kill,
But since you're so pressing, I'll do as you will."
So, refitting the slab, after doing the job,
He departed for home with his poor brother's nob.

CHAPTER III.

At the first break of dawn rose the King from his bed,
And hastily off to his Treasury sped,
Dumbfounded he stood, in the direst amaze,
At the dread apparition that there met his gaze ;
The thief's headless body still baffled detection,
A trunk "left till called for," without a direction.
And when, searching the building, all proved safe and
sound,
And nowhere could inlet or outlet be found,
Posed, puzzled, perplexed, at a loss what to do,
He, at last, to the following expedient flew.
Embarrassed at first with this absence of crest,
He did what he could with his *arms* and the rest.
So, nailing the trunk to the wall, as a *hatchment*,
He stationed police, (letter A. 1 detachment),
With orders—that any one given to grief,
Or showing compassion at all for the thief,
They should take into custody, handcuff, and bring
At once to my Lord Rampsinitus the King.
The body had scarce been suspended a day,
When the Mother "took on" in a terrible way,
Attacked the Survivor—said, somehow or other,
He *must* and *should* bring home the corpse of his Bro-
ther ;

With a threat: that, on failing to do her good pleasure,
She'd go straight to the King, and tell who had his treasure.

CHAPTER IV.

When his mother continued this fiery tirade,
And all he could say to her failed to persuade,
He saw *thus* together they never could lodge,
And finally hit on the following dodge:
By hook or by crook, or from some of his cronies,
He collected a lot of *Jerusalem ponies*,
Filled some goat-skins with wine, slung 'em over their
backs,
And started his posse of asinine hacks,
Well—nothing had happened his march to retard,
Till he found himself near to the *dead-body-guard*,
When he slyly unfastened a goat-skin or two,
And out gushed the wine (as, of course, it would do);
He then boxed his own ears—out a bellowing burst—
Seemed quite at a loss to which ass to go first—
Like "*a John*" *out of place* he was fairly *non plus*,
When the *dead-body-guard* made a general rush;
Each man with his pewter—and reasoning thus:
"What is sorrow to *him*, is a godsend to *us*."
Well—our hero feigned fury to perfect his *ruse*,
And loaded them all with the choicest abuse;
Till they took to consoling him under his sorrow,
And said: "Never mind, you'll be better to-morrow."
So, pretending at length to regain his composure,
He picketed his troop in a joining enclosure:

After some conversation, and mutual chaff,
They actually managed to get him to laugh :
Till they worked on his noble and generous mind,
To give them a bottle of *sherry white wine*,
Whereupon they all voted a snug bivouac,
And cheerily gave one another the *sack* ;
Till, in merriment, one took his host by the throttle,
And swore he should help them to finish the bottle :
Pretending to yield to this *urgent* request,
After some hums and haws, he sat down with the rest ;
So high was their glee, and so hearty their greeting,
He felt himself bound to continue his treating ;
In short, the whole guard got excessively drunk,
And down in the arms of Morpheus sunk.

The night was far spent—to the *right about face*
He shaved the policemen—a badge of disgrace ;
And leaving them thus *demi-whiskered* and drunk,
He detached from the building his late brother's trunk,
Slung it over his asses, and thus undetected
Got home, having done as his mother directed.

CHAPTER V.

When the news that the body was stolen away
Came to Royalty's ear, 'twas the devil to pay—
The King in his fury said, Cost what it might,
He'd die or discover this mischievous wight ;—
It was this that at last he determined to do
(Though, between you and me, I believe it untrue) :
To the *drawing-room* levees he made an exception,
And bade the Princess hold a *bed-room* reception,

Bade her entertain all, and not be particular,
But first to demand a *confession auricular* ;
To compel them to tell her—each one mother's son—
The sharpest and wickedest act he had done ;
The man that should own the affair of the thief,
She should grapple him tightly, and bring him to grief.
The fair Princess Royal no cavilling made,
But her father's injunctions most strictly obeyed.—

Well, matters remained *statu quo* for a season,
Till the thief heard the fun, and at once knew the
reason :

In his sleeve the *arch-dodger* complacently laughed,
And determined to outdo the king in his craft ;
With the arm of a man very recently dead
Hidden under his cloak, on his errand he sped ;
Came before the Princess, and, when asked like the
rest,

He freely at once to her Highness confessed :
“The *wickedest* act of my lifetime,” he said,
“Was when I cut off my poor trapped brother's head ;
The *sharpest* was when having made the guard drunk,
I took down from the building, and *packed up his
trunk*.”

This said—she remembered her father's command,
And laid hold, as she thought, of the gentleman's hand ;
But, in fact, nothing else than the arm of the dead,
Which he left her, and out through the palace-gate fled.

CHAPTER VI.

When this wonderful news to the King was conveyed,
He was stunned at the wisdom and daring displayed ;

And heralds were sent, in his Majesty's name,
Through the length and the breadth of his realm to pro-
claim—

Personal safety, and I don't know what,
If only the man to the King could be got:
Well, the thief, with firm trust in his Majesty's honor,
Presented himself;—says the King, “ You're a stunner:
I give you my own royal daughter to wife,
As the knowingest chap I have seen in my life;
For Egyptians are classed above all other men,
But I'm hanged if you ain't a cut above them.”

JOHN SOUTH PHILLIPS.

THE ASTRONOMICAL ALDERMAN:

THE pedant or scholastikos became
The butt of all the Grecian jokes;—
With us, poor Paddy bears the blame
Of blunders made by other folks;
Though we have certain civic sages
Termed Aldermen, who perpetrate
Bulls as legitimate and great,
As any that the classic pages
Of old Hierocles can show,
Or Mr. Miller's, commonly called Joe.

One of these turtle-eating men,
Not much excelling in his spelling,
When ridicule he meant to brave,
Said he was more PH. than N.
Meaning thereby, more *phool* than *nave*.

Though they who knew our cunning Thraso,
Pronounced it flattery to say so.
His Civic brethren to express
 His “double, double, toil and trouble,”
And bustling, noisy emptiness,
 Had christened him Sir Hubble Bubble.

This wight ventripotent was dining
Once at the Grocers’ Hall, and lining
 With calipee and calipash
That tomb omnivorous—his paunch,
Then on the launch
 Inflicting many a horrid gash,
When having swallowed six or seven
 Pounds, he fell into a mood
 Of such supreme beatitude,
That it reminded him of Heaven,
And he began with mighty *bonhomie*
To talk Astronomy.

“Sir,” he exclaimed, between his bumpers,
 “Copernicus and Tycho-Brahe,
 And all those chaps, have had their day ;
They’ve written monstrous lies, sir, thumpers !—
Move round the sun ?—it’s talking treason ;
The earth stands still—it stands to reason.—
Round as a globe ? stuff—humbug—fable !
It’s a flat sphere, like this here table,
 And the sun overhangs this sphere,
 Ay—just like that there chandelier.”

“But,” quoth his neighbor, “when the sun
From East to West his course has run,

How comes it that he shows his face
 Next morning in his former place?"
 " Ho ! there's a pretty question, truly!"
 Replied our wight, with an unruly
 Burst of laughter and delight,
 So much his triumph seemed to please him ;
 " Why, blockhead ! he goes back at night,
 And that's the reason no one sees him!"

ELEGY.

O THE MEMORY OF MISS EMILY KAY, COUSIN TO MISS
 ELLEN GEE, OF KEW, WHO DIED LATELY AT EWELL,
 AND WAS BURIED IN ESSEX.

"They fool me to the top of my bent."—SHAKSPEARE.

SAD nymphs of U L, U have much to cry for,
 Sweet M L E K U never more shall C !
 O S X maids ! come hither and D, O,
 With tearful I, this M T L E G.

Without X S she did X L alway,
 Ah me ! it truly vexes 1 2 C
 How soon so D R a creature may D K,
 And only leave behind X U V E !

Whate'er 1 0 to do she did discharge,
 So that an N M E it might N D R :
 Then why an S A write ?—then why N,
 Or with my briny tears B D U her B R ?

When her Piano-40 she did press,
 Such heavenly sounds did M N 8, that she
 Knowing her Q, soon 1 U 2 confess
 Her X L N C in an X T C.

Her hair was soft as silk, not Y R E,
 It gave no Q, nor yet 2 P to view:
 She was not handsome; shall I tell U Y?
 U R 2 know her I was all S Q.

L 8 she was, and prattling like a J;
 How little, M L E! did you 4 C,
 The grave should soon M U R U, cold as clay,
 And you shall cease to be an N T T!

While taking T at Q with L N G,
 The M T grate she rose to put a:
 Her clothes caught fire—no 1 again shall see
 Poor M L E, who now is dead as Solon.

O L N G! in vain you set at 0
 G R and reproach for suffering her 2 B
 Thus sacrificed; to J L U should be brought,
 Or burnt U 0 2 B in F E G.

Sweet M L E K into S X they bore,
 Taking good care the monument 2 Y 10,
 And as her tomb was much 2 low B 4,
 They lately brought fresh bricks the walls to 10
 (heighten.)

HORACE SMITH.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

* * * Of the merchant of Venice there are two 4to editions in 1600, one by Heyes and the other by Roberts. The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Francis Egerton have copies of the edition by Heyes, and *they vary importantly*.

* * * It must be acknowledged that *this* is a very easy and happy emendation, which does not admit of a moment's doubt or dispute.

* * * Readers in general are not at all aware of the *nonsense* they have in many cases been accustomed to receive as the genuine text of Shakspeare!

Reasons for a new edition of Shakspeare's Works by J. Payne Collier.

I BELIEVE there are few
But have heard of a Jew,
Named Shylock, of Venice, as arrant a "Screw"
In money transactions, as ever you knew;
An exorbitant miser, who never yet lent
A ducat at less than three hundred per cent.,
Insomuch that the veriest spendthrift in Venice,
Who'd take no more care of his pounds than his pen-
nies,
When press'd for a loan at the very first sight
Of his terms, would back out, and take refuge in *Flight*.
It is not my purpose to pause and inquire
If he might not, in managing thus to retire,
Jump out of the frying-pan into the fire;
Suffice it, that folks would have nothing to do,
Who could possibly help it, with Shylock the Jew.

But, however discreetly one cuts and contrives,
We've been most of us taught, in the course of our lives,
That "Needs must when the Elderly Gentleman drives!"

In proof of this rule,
A thoughtless young fool,
Bassanio, a Lord of the Tom-noddy school,
Who, by showing at Operas, Balls, Plays, and Court,
A "swelling" (Payne Collier would read "swilling")
"port,"
And inviting his friends to dine, breakfast, and sup,
Had shrunk his "weak means," and was "stump'd" and
"hard up,"
Took occasion to send
To his very good friend
Antonio, a merchant whose wealth had no end,
And who'd often before had the kindness to lend
Him large sums, on his note, which he'd managed to
spend.

" Antonio," said he,
" Now listen to me:
I've just hit on a scheme which, I think, you'll agree,
All matters consider'd, is no bad design,
And which, if it succeeds, will suit your book and mine.

" In the first place, you know all the money I've got,
Time and often, from you has been long gone to pot,
And in making those loans you have made a bad shot;
Now do as the boys do when, shooting at sparrows
And tom-tits, they chance to lose one of their arrows,
—Shoot another the same way—I'll watch well its track,
And, turtle to tripe, I'll bring both of them back!—

So list to my plan,
And do what you can
To attend to and second it, that's a good man !

“ There's a Lady, young, handsome beyond all compare,
at

A place they call Belmont, whom, when I was there, at
The suppers and parties my friend Lord Mountferrat
Was giving last season, we all used to stare at.
Then, as to her wealth, her Solicitor told mine,
Besides vast estates, a pearl-fishery, and gold mine,

Her iron strong box
Seems bursting its locks,

It's stuff'd so with shares in 'Grand Junctions' and
'Docks,'

Not to speak of the money she's got in the Stocks,
French, Dutch, and Brazilian,
Columbian, and Chilian,

In English Exchequer-bills full half a million,
Not 'kites,' manufactured to cheat and inveigle,
But the right sort of 'flimsy,' all sign'd by Monteagle.
Then I know not how much in Canal-shares and Rail-
ways,

And more speculations I need not detail, ways
Of vesting which, if not so safe as some think 'em,
Contribute a deal to improving one's income;

In short, she's a Mint !

—Now I say, deuce is in't
If, with all my experience I can't take a hint,
And her 'eye's speechless messages,' plainer than print
At the time that I told you of, know from a squint.

In short, my dear Tony,
 My trusty old crony,
 Do stump up three thousand once more as a loan—I
 Am sure of my game—though, of course, there are
 brutes,
 Of all sorts and sizes, preferring their suits
 To her, you may call the Italian Miss Coutts,
 Yet Portia—she's named from that daughter of Cato's—
 Is not to be snapp'd up like little potatoes,
 And I have not a doubt
 I shall rout every lout
 Ere you'll whisper Jack Robinson—cut them all out—
 Surmount every barrier,
 Carry her, marry her !
 —Then hey ! my old Tony, when once fairly noosed,
 For her Three-and-a-half per Cents—New and Reduced!"'

With a wink of his eye
 His friend made reply
 In his jocular manner, sly, caustic, and dry,
 " Still the same boy, Bassanio—never say ' die !'
 —Well—I hardly know how I shall do't, but I'll try,—
 Don't suppose my affairs are at all in a hash,
 But the fact is, at present I'm quite out of cash ;
 The bulk of my property, merged in rich cargoes, is
 Tossing about as you know, in my Argosies,
 Tending, of course, my resources to cripple,—I
 've one bound to England,—another to Tripoli—
 Cyprus—Masulipatam—and Bombay ;—
 A sixth by the way,
 I consigned t'other day,

To Sir Gregor M'Gregor, Cacique of Poyais,
A country where silver's as common as clay.

Meantime, till they tack,
And come, some of them, back,

What with Custom-house duties, and bills falling due,
My account with Jones, Loyd, and Go., looks rather
blue;

While, as for the 'ready,' I'm like a Church mouse,—
I really don't think there's five pounds in the house.

But no matter for that,
Let me just get my hat,

And my new silk umbrella that stands on the mat,
And we'll go forth at once to the market—we two,—
And try what my crédit in Venice can do;
I stand well on 'Change, and, when all's said and done, I
Don't doubt I shall get it for love or for money.

They were going to go,
When, lo! down below,

In the street, they heard somebody crying, "Old Clo'!"—
—"By the Pope, there's the man for our purpose!"—I
knew

We should not have to search long. Solanio, run you,
—Salarino,—quick!—haste! ere he get out of view,
And call in that scoundrel, old Shylock the Jew!"

With a pack,
Like a sack

Of old clothes at his back,
And three hats on his head, Shylock came in a crack,
Saying, "Rest you fair, Signor Antonio!—vat, pray,
Might your vorship be pleased for to vant in ma vay?"

—“Why, Shylock, although,
 As you very well know,
 I am what they call ‘warm,’—pay my way as I go,
 And, as to myself, neither borrow nor lend,
 I can break through a rule, to oblige an old friend ;
 And that’s the case now—Lord Bassanio would raise
 Some three thousand ducats—well,—knowing your
 ways,
 And that nought’s to be got from you, say what one
 will,
 Unless you’ve a couple of names to the bill,
 Why, for once, I’ll put mine to it.
 Yea, seal and sign to it—
 Now, then, old Sinner, let’s hear what you’ll say
 As to ‘doing’ a bill at three months from to-day ?
 Three thousand gold ducats, mind—all in good bags
 Of hard money—no sealing-wax, slippers, or rags ?”

“—Vell, ma tear,” says the Jew,
 “I’ll see vat I can do !
 But Misther Antonio, hark you, tish funny
 You say to me, ‘Shylock, ma tear, ve’d have money !’
 Ven you very well knows
 How you shpit on ma clothes,
 And use naughty words—call me Dog—and avouch
 Dat I put too much int’resh’t py half in ma pouch,
 And while I, like de resht of ma tribe, shrug and crouch,
 You find fault mit ma pargains, and say I’m a Smouch.
 —Vell ! No matters, ma tear,—
 Von vord in your ear !
 I’d be friends mit you bote—and to make dat appear,

Vy, I'll find you de monies as soon as you vill,
Only von little joke musht be put in de pill;
 Ma tear, you musht say,
 If on such and such a day
Such sum or such sums, you shall fail to repay,
I shall cut where I like, as de pargain is proke,
A fair pound of your flesh—chest by vay of a joke."

So novel a clause
 Caused Bassanio to pause;
But Antonio, like most of those sage "Johnny Raws"
 Who care not three straws
 About Lawyers or Laws,
And think cheaply of "Old Father Antic," because
They have never experienced a gripe from his claws,
"Pooh pooh'd" the whole thing.—"Let the Smouch
 have his way—

 Why, what care I, pray,
 For his penalty?—Nay,
It's a forfeit he'd never expect me to pay;
 And, come what may
 I hardly need say

My ships will be back a full month ere the day."
So, anxious to see his friend off on his journey,
And thinking the whole but a paltry concern, he
 Affix'd with all speed
 His name to a deed,
Duly stamp'd and drawn up by a sharp Jew attorney.
Thus again furnish'd forth, Lord Bassanio, instead
Of squandering the cash, after giving one spread,
With fiddling and masques, at the Saracen's Head,

In the morning "made play,"
And without more delay,
Started off in the steam-boat for Belmont next day.
But scarcely had he
From the harbor got free,
And left the Lagunes for the broad open sea,
Ere the 'Change and Rialto both rung with the news
That he'd carried off more than mere cash from the
Jew's.

Though Shylock was old
And if rolling in gold,
Was as ugly a dog as you'd wish to behold,
For few in his tribe 'mongst their Levis and Moseses
Sported so Jewish an eye, beard, and nose as his,
Still, whate'er the opinion of Horace and some be,
Your *aquilæ* generate sometimes *Columbae*,
Like Jephthah, as Hamlet says, he'd one fair daughter,
And every gallant, who caught sight of her, thought
her
A jewel—a gem of the very first water;
A great many sought her,
Till one at last caught her,
And, upsetting all that the Rabbis had taught her,
To feelings so truly reciprocal brought her,
That the very same night
Bassanio thought right
To give all his old friends that farewell "invite,"
And while Shylock was gone there to feed out of spite,
On "wings made by a tailor" the damsel took flight.

By these "wings" I'd express
 A gray duffle dress,
 With brass badge and muffin cap, made, as by rule,
 For an upper class boy in the National School.
 Jessy ransack'd the house, popp'd her breeks on, and
 when so
 Disguised, bolted off with her beau—one Lorenzo,
 An "Unthrift," who lost not a moment in whisking
 Her into the boat,
 And was fairly afloat
 Ere her Pa had got rid of the smell of the griskin.
 Next day, while old Shylock was making a racket,
 And threatening how well he'd dust every man's jacket
 Who'd help'd her in getting aboard of the packet,
 Bassanio at Belmont was capering and prancing,
 And bowing, and scraping, and singing, and dancing,
 Making eyes at Miss Portia, and doing his best
 To perform the polite, and to cut out the rest;
 And, if left to herself, he no doubt had succeeded,
 For none of them waltz'd so genteelly as he did;
 But an obstacle lay,
 Of some weight, in his way,
 The defunct Mr. P. who was now turned to clay,
 Had been an odd man, and, though all for the best he
 meant,
 Left but a queer sort of "Last will and testament,"—
 Bequeathing her hand,
 With her houses and land,
 &c., from motives one don't understand,
 As she rev'renced his memory, and valued his blessing,
 To him who should turn out the best hand at guessing!

Like a good girl, she did
Just what she was bid;

In one of three caskets her picture she hid,
And clapp'd a conundrum a-top of each lid.

A couple of Princes, a black and a white one,
Tried first, but they both fail'd in choosing the right
one.

Another from Naples who shoe'd his own horses ;
A French Lord, whose graces might vie with Count
D'Orsay's ;—

A young English Baron ;—a Scotch Peer his neigh-
bor ;—

A dull drunken Saxon, all mustache and sabre ;—
All follow'd, and all had their pains for their labor.

Bassanio came last—happy man be his dole !

Put his conjuring cap on,—consider'd the whole,—
The gold put aside as
Mere “hard food for Midas,”
The silver bade trudge
As a “pale common drudge ;”

Then choosing the little lead box in the middle,
Came plump on the picture and found out the riddle.

Now you're not such a goose as to think, I dare say,
Gentle Reader, that all of this was done in a day,
Any more than the dome
Of St. Peter's at Rome

Was built in the same space of time ; and, in fact,
Whilst Bassanio was doing
His billing and cooing,

Three months had gone by ere he reach'd the fifth act ;

Meanwhile that unfortunate bill became due,
Which his Lordship had almost forgot, to the Jew,
And Antonio grew
In a deuce of a stew
For he could not cash up, spite of all he could do ;
(The bitter old Israelite would not renew),
What with contrary winds, storms, and wrecks, and em-
bargoes, his
Funds were all stopp'd, or gone down in his argosies,
None of the set having come into port,
And Shylock's attorney was moving the Court
For the forfeit supposed to be set down in sport.

The serious news
Of this step of the Jew's,
And his fix'd resolution all terms to refuse,
Gave the newly made Bridegroom a fit of "the Blues,"
Especially, too, as it came from the pen
Of his poor friend himself on the wedding-day,—then,
When the Parson had scarce shut his book up, and
when
The Clerk was yet uttering the final Amen.

“ Dear Friend,” it continued, “ all's up with me—I
Have nothing on earth now to do but to die !
And, as death clears all scores, you're no longer my
debtor ;
I should take it as kind
Could you come—never mind—
If your love don't persuade you, why,—don't let this
letter ! ”

I hardly need say this was scarcely read o'er
Ere a post-chaise and four
Was brought round to the door,
And Bassanio, though, doubtless, he thought it a bore,
Gave his lady one kiss, and then started at score.
But scarce in his flight
Had he got out of sight
Ere Portia, addressing a groom, said, "My lad, you a
Journey must take on the instant to Padua;
Find out there Bellario, a Doctor of Laws,
Who, like Follett, is never left out of a cause,
And give him this note,
Which I've hastily wrote,
Take the papers he'll give you—then push for the
ferry
Below, where I'll meet you—you'll do't in a wherry,
If you can't find a boat on the Brenta with sails to it—
—Stay, bring his gown too, and wig with three tails to
it."

Giovanni (that's Jack)
Brought out his hack,
Made a bow to his mistress, then jump'd on its back,
Put his hand to his hat, and was off in a crack.

The Signora soon follow'd, herself, taking, as her
Own escort Nerissa, her maid, and Balthasar.

* * * * *

"The Court is prepared, the Lawyers are met,
The Judges all ranged, a terrible show!"
As Captain Macheath says,—and when one's in debt,
The sight's as unpleasant a one as I know,

Yet, still not so bad after all, I suppose,
As if, when one cannot discharge what one owes,
They should bid people cut off one's toes or one's nose;

Yet here, a worse fate,

Stands Antonio, of late

A Merchant, might vie e'en with Princes in state.

With his waistcoat unbutton'd, prepared for the knife,
Which, in taking a pound of flesh, must take his life;
—On the other side Shylock, his bag on the floor,
And three shocking bad hats on his head, as before,

Imperturbable stands,

As he waits their commands,

With his scales and his great *snicker-snee* in his hands;
—Between them, equipt in a wig, gown, and bands,
With a very smooth face, a young dandified Lawyer,
Whose air ne'ertheless speaks him quite a top-sawyer,

Though his hopes are but feeble,

Does his *possible*

To make the hard Hebrew to mercy incline,
And in lieu of his three thousand ducats take nine,
Which Bassanio, for reasons we well may divine,
Shows in so many bags all drawn up in a line.
But vain are all efforts to soften him—still

He points to the bond

He so often has conn'd

And says in plain terms he'll be shot if he will.

So the dandified Lawyer, with talking grown hoarse,
Says, “I *can* say no more—let the law take its course.”

Just fancy the gleam of the eye of the Jew,
As he sharpen'd his knife on the sole of his shoe

From the toe to the heel,
 And grasping the steel,
 With a business-like air was beginning to feel
 Whereabouts he should cut, as a butcher would veal,
 When the dandified Judge puts a spoke in his wheel
 "Stay, Shylock," says he,
 "Here's one thing—you see
 This bond of yours gives you here no jot of blood !
 —The words are 'A pound of flesh,'—that's clear as
 mud—
 Slice away, then, old fellow—but mind !—if you spill
 One drop of his claret that's not in your bill,
 I'll hang you like Haman !—by jingo I will !"

When apprized of this flaw,
 You never yet saw
 Such an awfully mark'd elongation of jaw
 As in Shylock, who cried, "Plesh ma heart ! ish dat
 law?"—
 —Off went his three hats,
 And he look'd as the cats
 Do, whenever a mouse has escaped from their claw.
 "—Ish't the law?"—why the thing won't admit of a
 query—
 "No doubt of the fact,
 Only look at the act :
Acto quinto, cap: tertio, Dogi Falieri—
 Nay, if, rather than cut you'd relinquish the debt,
 The Law Master Shy, has a hold on you yet.
 See Foscari's 'Statutes at large'—'If a stranger
 A citizen's life shall, with malice, endanger,

The whole of his property, little or great,
Shall go, on conviction one half to the State
And one to the person pursued by his hate :

 And, not to create
 Any farther debate,
The Doge, if he pleases, may cut off his pate,
So down on your marrowbones, Jew, and ask mercy,
Defendant and Plaintiff are now *wisy werry*."

 What need to declare
 Hew pleased they all were
At so joyful an end to so sad an affair ?
Or Bassanio's delight at the turn things had taken,
His friend having saved, to the letter, his bacon ?—
How Shylock got shaved, and turn'd Christian, though late,
To save a life-int'rest in half his estate ?—
How the dandified Lawyer, who'd managed the thing
Would not take any fee for his pains but a ring
Which Mrs. Bassanio had given to her spouse,
With injunctions to keep it, on leaving the house ?—
 How when he, and the spark
 Who appear'd as his clerk,
Had thrown off their wigs, and their gowns, and their
 jetty coats,
There stood Nerissa and Portia in petticoats ?—
How they pouted, and flouted, and acted the cruel,
Because Lord Bassanio had not kept his jewel ?—
 How they scolded and broke out,
 Till, having their joke out,
They kiss'd, and were friends, and all blessing and
 blessed,

Drove home by the light
 Of a moonshiny night,
 Like the one in which Troilus, the brave Trojan knight,
 Sat astride on a wall, and sigh'd after his Cressid ?—

All this, if 'twere meet,
 I'd go on to repeat,
 But a story spun out so's by no means a treat;
 So, I'll merely relate what, in spite of the pains
 I have taken to rummage among his remains,
 No edition of Shakspeare, I've met with, contains;
 But, if the account which I've heard be the true one,
 We shall have it, no doubt, before long, in a new one.

In an MS., then sold
 For its full weight in gold,
 And knock'd down to my friend, Lord Tom-noddy, I'm
 told
 It's accorded that Jessy, coquettish and vain,
 Gave her husband, Lorenzo, a good deal of pain;
 Being mildly rebuked, she levanted again,
 Ran away with a Scotchman, and crossing the main,
 Became known by the name of the "Flower of Dum-
 blane."

That Antonio, whose piety caused, as we've seen,
 Him to spit upon every old Jew's gaberdine,
 And whose goodness to paint
 All colors were faint,
 Acquired the well-merited prefix of "Saint,"
 And the Doge, his admirer, of honor the fount,
 Having given him a patent, and made him a Count,

He went over to England, got nat'raliz'd there,
 And espous'd a rich heiress in Hanover Square;
 That Shylock came with him, no longer a Jew,
 But converted, I think may be possibly true,
 But that Walpole, as these self-same papers aver,
 By changing the *y* in his name into *er*,
 Should allow him a fictitious surname to dish up
 And in Seventeen-twenty-eight make him a Bishop,
 I cannot believe—but shall still think them two men
 Till some Sage proves the fact “with his usual *acumen*.”

MORAL.

From this tale of the Bard
 It's uncommonly hard,
 If an editor can't draw a moral.—'Tis clear,
 Then,—In ev'ry young wife-seeking Bachelor's ear
 A maxim, 'bove all other stories, this one drums,
 “PITCH GREEK TO OLD HARRY, AND STICK TO CONUN-
 DRUMS ! !”

To new-married Ladies this lesson it teaches,
 “You're ‘not that far wrong’ in assuming the breeches!”

Monied men upon 'Change, and rich Merchants it schools
 To look well to assets—nor play with edge tools !
 Last of all, this remarkable History shows men,
 What caution they need when they deal with old-clothes-
 men !

So bid John and Mary
 To mind and be wary,
 And never let one of them come down the are' !

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THE YOUNG SCHOLAR.

A COUNTRY schoolmaster, hight Jonas Bell,
Once undertook of little souls,
To furnish up their jobber-knowls—
In other words, he taught them how to spell.
And well adapted to the task was Bell,
Whose iron-visage measur'd half an ell,
With huge proboscis, and eye-brows of soot,
Arm'd at the jowl just like a boar—
And when he gave an angry roar,
The little school-boys stood as fishes mute.
Poor Jonas, tho' a patient man as Job,
(Yet still, like Job, was sometimes heard to growl,)
Was by a scholar's admantine nob,
Beyond all patience gravell'd to the soul.
I question whether Jonas in the fish
Did ever diet on a bitterer dish.

'Twas thus :—a lady who supported Bell,
Came unexpectedly to hear them spell ;
The pupil fix'd on by the pedagogue,
Her son, a little round-faced, ruddy rogue,
Who thus his letters on the table laid—
M, I, L, K, and paused—“ Well, sir, what's that ? ”
“ I cannot tell,” the boy all trembling said.
“ Not tell ! you little blind and stupid brat ?
Not tell ? ” roared Jonas, in a violent rage,
And quick prepared an angry war to wage—
“ Tell me this instant, or I'll flay thy hide—

Come, sir !
Dost thou this birchen weapon see ?
What puts thy mother in her tea ?"
With lifted eyes the quaking rogue replied—
"RUM, sir !"

Anonymous.

A TALE OF DRURY LANE.

[A BURLESQUE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S METRICAL
ROMANCES—REJECTED ADDRESSES.]

[To be spoken by Mr. Kemble, in a suit of the Black Prince's Armor, borrowed from the Tower.]

SURVEY this shield, all bossy bright—
These cuisses twin behold !
Look on my form in armor dight
Of steel inlaid with gold ;
My knees are stiff in iron buckles,
Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles,
These once belonged to sable prince,
Who never did in battle wince ;
With valor tart as pungent quince,
 He slew the vaunting Gaul.
Rest there awhile, my bearded lance,
While from green curtain I advance
To yon foot-lights, no trivial dance,
And tell the town what sad mischance
 Did Drury Lane befall.

THE NIGHT.

On fair Augusta's towers and trees
Fluttered the silent midnight breeze,
Curling the foliage as it past,
Which from the moon-tipped plumage cast
A spangled light like dancing spray,
Then reassumed its still array ;
When, as night's lamp unclouded hung,
And down its full effulgence flung,
It shed such soft and balmy power
That cot and castle, hall and bower,
And spire and dome, and turret height,
Appear'd to slumber in the light.
From Henry's chapel, Rufus' Hall,
To Savoy, Temple, and St. Paul,
From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden Town,
To Redriff, Shadwell, Horsleydown,
No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,
But all in deepest sleep repos'd.
They might have thought, who gazed around
Amid a silence so profound,
It made the senses thrill,
That 'twas no place inhabited,
But some vast city of the dead—
All was so hushed and still.

THE BURNING.

As chaos, which by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,

Started with terror and surprise
When light first flashed upon her eyes—
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
 In bed-gown woke her dames ;
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke—
 “ The playhouse is in flames ! ”
And, lo ! where Catharine street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
 To every window-pane ;
 Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport,
 A bright ensanguined drain ;
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
 Where patent shot they sell ;
The Tennis-Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The ticket-porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
 And Richardson's Hotel.
Nor these alone, but far and wide,
Across red Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
The rose of red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,

As from a lofty altar rise,
It seemed that nations did conspire
To offer to the god of fire
 Some vast stupendous sacrifice !
The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all :
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his pond'rous hobnailed shoes,
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,
 His nether bulk embraced ;
Then jacket thick, of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
 In tin or copper traced.
The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
 Along the pavement paced.
And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopped at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had, his men to bang,
Showed foreman of the British gang—
His name was Higginbottom. Now
'Tis meet that I should tell you how
 The others came in view :

The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,
 The Eagle, where the new ;
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, check by jowl,
 Crump from St. Giles's Pound :
Whitford and Mitford joined the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
 Before the plug was found.
Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah ! no trophy could they reap
For both were in the Donjon Keep
 Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !
E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed,
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo, " Heads below !"
 Nor notice give at all.
The firemen terrified are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
 For fear the roof would fall.
Back, Robins, back ; Crump, stand aloof !
 Whitford, keep near the walls !
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo ! the blazing rocking roof
 Down, down, in thunder falls !

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from th' astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was cleared,
When, lo ! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradually a moving head appeared,
 And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
 The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins ! to the rescue, ho!"
 And poured the hissing tide :
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
 He tottered, sunk, and died !

Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succor one they loved so well ?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)
 His brother chief to save ;
But ah ! his reckless, generous ire
 Served but to share his grave !
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
 Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight o'erwhelmed him quite,
 He sunk to rise no more.

Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved ;
“ Whittford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
Why are you in such doleful dumps ?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps !—
What are they fear'd on ? fools : 'od rot 'em !”
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

THE REVIVAL.

Peace to his soul ! new prospects bloom,
And toil rebuilds what fires consume ;
Eat we and drink we, be our ditty,
“ Joy to the managing committee !”
Eat we, drink we, join to rum
Roast beef and pudding of the plum ;
Forth from thy nook, John Horner, come,
With bread of ginger brown thy thumb,
For this is Drury's gay day :

Roll, roll thy hoop and twirl thy tops,
And buy, to glad thy smiling chops,
Crisp parliament with lollypops,

And fingers of the lady.

Didst mark, how toiled the busy train,
From morn to eve, till Drury Lane
Leaped like a roebuck from the plain ?
Ropes rose and sunk, and rose again,

And nimble workmen trod ;

To realize bold Wyatt's plan
Rushed many a howling Irishman ;

Loud clattered many a porter-can,
 And many a ragamuffin clan,
 With trowel and with hod.
 Drury revives ! her rounded pate
 Is blue, is heavenly blue with slate ;
 She "wings the midway air," elate,
 As magpie, crow, or chough ;
 White paint her modish visage smears,
 Yellow and pointed are her ears.
 No pendant portico appears
 Dangling beneath, for Whitbread's shears
 Have cut the bauble off.
 Yes, she exalts her stately head ;
 And, but that solid bulk outspread,
 Opposed you on your onward tread,
 And posts and pillars warranted
 That all was true that Wyatt said,
 You might have deemed her walls so thick,
 Were not composed of stone or brick,
 But all a phantom, all a trick,
 Of brain disturbed and fancy-sick,
 So high she soars, so vast, so quick !

HORACE SMITH.

DON FERNANDO GOMERSALEZ.

From the Spanish of Astley's.

DON FERNANDO GOMERSALEZ ! basely have they borne
 thee down ;
 Paces ten behind thy charger is thy glorious body
 thrown ;

Fetters have they bound upon thee—iron fetters, fast—
and sure;
Don Fernando Gomersalez, thou art captive to the
Moor!

Long within a dingy dungeon pined that brave and noble
knight,
For the Saracenic warriors well they knew and feared
his might;
Long he lay and long he languished on his dripping bed
of stone,
Till the cankered iron fetters ate their way into his
bone.

On the twentieth day of August—'twas the feast of false
Mahound—
Came the Moorish population from the neighboring cities
round;
There to hold their foul carousal, there to dance and
there to sing,
And to pay their yearly homage to Al-Widdicomb, the
King!

First they wheeled their supple coursers, wheeled them at
their utmost speed,
Then they galloped by in squadrons, tossing far the light
jereed,
Then around the circus racing, faster than the swallow
flies,
Did they spurn the yellow sawdust in the rapt spectators'
eyes.

Proudly did the Moorish monarch every passing warrior
greet,
As he sate enthroned above them, with the lamps be-
neath his feet;
“Tell me, thou black-bearded Cadi! are there any in the
land,
That against my janissaries dare one hour in combat
stand?”

Then the bearded Cadi answered—“Be not wroth, my
lord, the King,
If thy faithful slave shall venture to observe one little
thing;
Valiant, doubtless, are thy warriors, and their beards are
long and hairy,
And a thunderbolt in battle is each bristly janissary:
“But I cannot, O my sovereign, quite forget that fearful
day,
When I saw the Christian army in its terrible array;
When they charged across the footlights like a torrent
down its bed,
With the red cross floating o'er them, and Fernando at
their head!
“Don Fernando Gomersalez! matchless chieftain he in
war,
Mightier than Don Sticknejo, braver than the Cid
Bivar!
Not a cheek within Grenada, O my King, but wan and
pale is,
When they hear the dreaded name of Don Fernando
Gomersalez!”

“Thou shalt see thy champion, Cadi! hither quick the captive bring!”

Thus in wrath and deadly anger spoke Al-Widdicomb,
the King:

“Paler than a maiden’s forehead is the Christian’s hue I ween,

Since a year within the dungeons of Grenada he hath been!”

Then they brought the Gomersalez, and they led the warrior in;

Weak and wasted seemed his body, and his face was pale and thin;

But the ancient fire was burning, unallayed, within his eye,

And his step was proud and stately, and his look was stern and high.

Scarcely from tumultuous cheering could the galleried crowd refrain,

For they knew Don Gomersalez and his prowess in the plain;

But they feared the grizzly despot and his myrmidons in steel,

So their sympathy descended in the fruitage of Seville.

“Wherefore, monarch, hast thou brought me from the dungeon dark and drear,

Where these limbs of mine have wasted in confinement for a year?

Dost thou lead me forth to torture?—Rack and pincers I defy!

Is it that thy base grotesquos may behold a hero die?”

“Hold thy peace, thou Christian caitiff, and attend to
what I say !
Thou art called the starest rider of the Spanish cur’s
array :
If thy courage be undaunted, as they say it was of
yore,
Thou may’st yet achieve thy freedom,—yet regain thy
native shore.

“Courses three within this circus ’gainst my warriors
shalt thou run,
Ere yon weltering pasteboard ocean shall receive yon
muslin sun ;
Victor—thou shalt have thy freedom ; but if stretched
upon the plain,
To thy dark and dreary dungeon they shall hale thee
back again.”

“Give me but the armor, monarch, I have worn in many
a field,
Give me but my trusty helmet, give me but my dinted
shield ;
And my old steed, Bavieca, swiftest courser in the
ring,
And I rather should imagine that I’ll do the business,
King !”

Then they carried down the armor from the garret where
it lay,
Oh ! but it was red and rusty, and the plumes were shorn
away :

And they led out Bavieca from a foul and filthy van,
For the conqueror had sold him to a Moorish dogs'-meat
man.

When the steed beheld his master, then he whinnied loud
and free,
And in token of subjection, knelt upon each broken
knee;
And a tear of walnut largeness to the warrior's eyelids
rose,
As he fondly picked a bean-straw from his coughing
courser's nose.

“Many a time, O Bavieca, hast thou borne me through
the fray!
Bear me but again as deftly through the listed ring this
day;
Or if thou art worn and feeble, as may well have come to
pass,
Time it is, my trusty charger, both of us were sent to
grass!”

Then he seized his lance, and vaulting in the saddle sate
upright;
Marble seemed the noble courser, iron seemed the mailed
knight;
And a cry of admiration burst from every Moorish
lady—
“Five to four on Don Fernando!” cried the sable-bearded
Cadi.

Warriors three from Alcantara burst into the listed
space,
Warriors three, all bred in battle, of the proud Alhambra
race :
Trumpets sounded, coursers bounded, and the foremost
straight went down,
Tumbling like a sack of turnips, just before the jeering
Clown.

In the second chieftain galloped, and he bowed him to
the King,
And his saddle-girths were tightened by the Master of
the Ring ;
Through three blazing hoops he bounded ere the desperate
fight began—
Don Fernando ! bear thee bravely !—'tis the Moor Ab-
dorrhoman !

Like a double streak of lightning, clashing in the sul-
phurous sky,
Met the pair of hostile heroes, and they made the saw-
dust fly ;
And the Moslem spear so stiffly smote on Don Fernando's
mail,
That he reeled, as if in liquor, back to Bavieca's tail :

But he caught the mace beside him, and he griped it hard
and fast,
And he swung it starkly upwards as the foeman bounded
past ;

And the deadly stroke descended through the skull and
through the brain,

As ye may have seen a poker cleave a cocoa-nut in
twain.

Sore astonished was the monarch, and the Moorish
warriors all,

Save the third bold chief, who tarried and beheld his
brethren fall;

And the Clown, in haste arising from the footstool where
he sat,

Notified the first appearance of the famous Acrobat;

Never on a single charger rides that stout and stalwart
Moor,—

Five beneath his stride so stately bear him o'er the
trembling floor;

Five Arabians, black as midnight—on their necks the
rein he throws,

And the outer and the inner feel the pressure of his
toes.

Never wore that chieftain armor; in a knot himself he
ties,

With his grizzly head appearing in the centre of his
thighs,

Till the petrified spectator asks in paralyzed alarm,
Where may be the warrior's body,—which is leg, and
which is arm?

“Sound the charge!” The coursers started; with a yell
and furious vault,

High in air the Moorish champion cut a wondrous somer-
sault;

O'er the head of Don Fernando like a tennis-ball he
sprung,
Caught him tightly by the girdle, and behind the crupper
hung.

Then his dagger Don Fernando plucked from out its
jewelled sheath,
And he struck the Moor so fiercely, as he grappled him
beneath,
That the good Damascus weapon sunk within the folds
of fat,
And as dead as Julius Cæsar dropped the Gordian
Acrobat.

Meanwhile fast the sun was sinking—it had sunk beneath
the sea,
Ere Fernando Gomersalez smote the latter of the three;
And Al-Widdicomb, the monarch, pointed with a bitter
smile,
To the deeply-darkening canvass;—blacker grew it all
the while.

“Thou hast slain my warriors, Spaniard! but thou hast
not kept thy time;
Only two had sunk before thee, ere I heard the curfew
chime;
Back thou goest to thy dungeon, and thou may’st be
wondrous glad
That thy head is on thy shoulders for thy work to-day,
my lad!

“Therefore all thy boasted valour, Christian dog, of no avail is !”

Dark as midnight grew the brow of Don Fernando Gomersalez ;—

Stiffly sate he in his saddle, grimly looked around the ring,

Laid his lance within the rest, and shook his gauntlet at the King.

“ O, thou foul and faithless traitor ! wouldest thou play me false again ?

Welcome death and welcome torture, rather than the captive’s chain !

But I give thee warning, caitiff ! Look thou sharply to thine eye—

Unavenged, at least in harness, Gomersalez shall not die !”

Thus he spoke, and Bavieca like an arrow forward flew,

Right and left the Moorish squadron wheeled to let the hero through ;

Brightly gleamed the lance of vengeance—fiercely sped the fatal thrust—

From his throne the Moorish monarch tumbled lifeless in the dust.

Speed thee, speed thee, Bavieca ! speed thee faster than the wind !

Life and freedom are before thee, deadly foes give chase behind !

Speed thee up the sloping spring-board ; o'er the bridge
that spans the seas ;
Yonder gauzy moon will light thee through the grove of
canvas trees.

Close before thee, Pampeluna spreads her painted paste-
board gate !
Speed thee onward, gallant courser, speed thee with thy
knightly freight !
Victory ! The town receives them !—Gentle ladies, this
the tale is,
Which I learned in Astley's Circus, of Fernando Gomer-
salez !

W. E. AYTOUN.

A LEGEND OF SALEM.

PUT up your whittling—put away your knives,
And hear my story, you with scolding wives !

Far in the land where wooden nutmegs grow,
And codfish dealers loud their trumpets blow ;
Where liquor laws and pumpkins never fail 'em,
A deacon lived—hard by the town of Salem :
A man well known for his extreme sobriety,
Also for his sharp dealings and his piety.

This deacon had a wife—a comely creature,
Well shaped in form and mighty nice in feature ;
A. No. 1, in every thing reported,
And so the deacon found her while he courted ;
But after marriage madam proved a tartar,
And used her pious husband like a martyr.

The best of specs oft turn out half a swindle ;
The deacon's hopes and love began to dwindle ;
The prettiest pups too often we find fleas on ;
The deacon wished to bring his wife to reason ;
But, though she slapped his face, he never whipped her,
"For that," said he, "was dead against the *Scripter*."

But to the minister he went his way,
To state the case, and hear what he could say ;
To show the wounds received from his Eliza,
And find some Christian method to chastise her.
He wish'd to whip the Old One round the stump,
But didn't see quite how the cat would jump.

The parson gave that counsel which all spouses
Inclined to scold should pin up in their houses :
" Seek only with good *words* your wife to better,
And if she scolds away, why, then, just let her.
Anger with anger well we know must jibe ill ;
Chastise her with good words—they're in the Bible."

A sudden light broke in upon the deacon ;
He learn'd off-hand what some would think a week on ;
As one small match can light great 'lumination,
So one small wrinkle makes great rumination ;
In all his nerves it thrilled like an elixir :
" *Chastise with words* ! Jemima ! how I'll fix her ! "

As he his much-loved home at last was nearing,
The following phrases burst upon his hearing ;
" You all-fired lazy, nasty, dirty sinner !
Is this the way you make your wife wait dinner ?"
And, entering, his head receive a stroker
From that light implement, the kitchen poker.

At other times her spouse had sought the distance,
 But now his wrath was up—he vowed resistance ;
 “ Chastise her with good words !—just wait a minute !
 Where’s the big Bible with the good words in it ? ”
 Full at his wife the brass-bound tome he sped,
 And knock’d her o’er the table, ’bout half dead.

Reader, my stick is whittled—story’s over,
 And you may go to grass, and feed in clover ;
 But just note this, ere all the tale is ended,
 The deacon’s wife recovered and amended.
 Now you may lay this volume on the shelf,
 And, if you choose, go and reform yourself.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

I WUD KNOTT DYE IN WINTUR, ETC.

BY THE ORTHER OF “ THORTS ON A FADED BOKA.”

I WUD knott dye in Wintur,
 When whisky punchiz flo—
 When pooty gals are skating
 Ore fealds of ice & sno—
 When sassidge meat is phrying,
 & Hickeri nuts is thick :
 Owe ! who cud think ov dighing,
 Or even gettin sick !

I wud knott dye in Spring time,
 & miss the turn up greans,
 & the pooty song ov the leetle frawgs,
 & that skilark’s early screams :

When burds begin their wobbling,
& taters gin to sprout—
When the turkies go a gobbling,
I wud not then peg out.

I wud knott dye in Summer,
And leave the garden sass—
The roasted lam & butter milk—
The kool place in the grass;
I wud knott dye in Summer,
When everything's so hot,
& leave the whiski Jew-lips—
Owe know! I'd rather knott.

I wud knott dye in Artum,
With peaches fit for eating;
When wavy korn is getting ripe,
& kandidates are treeting;
Phor these, and other reasons,
Ide knott dye in the Phall,
& sense Ive thort it over,
I wud knott dye at all.

THE COURSHIP OF OUR CID.

WHAT a pang of sweet emotion
Thrilled the Master of the Ring,
When he first beheld the lady
Through the stabled portal spring!

Midway in his wild grimacing
Stopped the piebald-visaged Clown ;
And the thunders of the audience
Nearly brought the gallery down.

Donna Inez Woolfordinez !
Saw ye ever such a maid,
With the feathers swaling o'er her,
And her spangled rich brocade ?
In her fairy hand a horsewhip,
On her foot a buskin small,
So she stepped, the stately damsel,
Through the scarlet grooms and all.

And she beckoned for her courser,
And they brought a milk-white mare,
Proud, I ween, was that Arabian
Such a gentle freight to bear ;
And the Master moved to greet her,
With a proud and stately walk :
And, in reverential homage,
Rubbed her soles with virgin chalk.

Round she flew, as Flora flying
Spans the circle of the year ;
And the youth of London, sighing,
Half forgot the ginger-beer—
Quite forgot the maids beside them ;
As they surely well might do,
When she raised two Roman candles,
Shooting fireballs red and blue !

Swifter than the Tartar's arrow,
Lighter than the lark in flight,
On the left foot now she bounded,
Now she stood upon the right.
Like a beautiful Bacchante,
Here she soars, and there she kneels,
While amid her floating tresses
Flash two whirling Catherine wheels !

Hark ! the blare of yonder trumpet !
See, the gates are opened wide !
Room, there, room for Gomersalez,—
Gomersalez in his pride !
Rose the shouts of exultation,
Rose the cat's triumphant call,
As he bounded man and courser,
Over Master, Clown, and all !

Donna Inez Woolfordinez !
Why those blushes on thy cheek ?
Doth thy trembling bosom tell thee,
He hath come thy love to seek ?
Fleet thy Arab, but behind thee
He is rushing like a gale ;
One foot on his coal-black's shoulders,
And the other on his tail !

Onward, onward, panting maiden !
He is faint and fails, for now
By the feet he hangs suspended
From his glistening saddle-bow.

Down are gone both cap and feather,
Lance and gonfalon are down !
Trunks, and cloak, and vest of velvet,
He has flung them to the Clown.

Fair; and failing ! Up he vaulteth,
Fresh as when he first began ;
All in coat of bright vermillion,
Quipped as Shaw, the Life-guardsman ;
Right and left his whizzing broadsword,
Like a sturdy flail, he throws ;
Cutting out a path unto thee
Through imaginary foes.

Woolfordines ! speed thee onward !
He is hard upon thy track,—
Paralyzed is Widdicombe,
Nor his whip can longer crack :—
He has flung away his broadsword,
‘Tis to clasp thee to his breast.
Onward !—see, he bares his bosom,
Tears away his scarlet vest ;

Leaps from out his nether garments,
And his leathern stock unties—
As the flower of London’s dustmen,
Now in swift pursuit he flies.
Nimbly now he cuts and shuffles,
O’er the buckle, heel and toe !
Flaps his hands in his tail pockets,
Winks to all the throng below !

Onward, onward, rush the coursers ;
Woolfordinez, peerless girl,
O'er the garters lightly bounding
From her steed with airy whirl !
Gomersalez, wild with passion,
Danger—all but her—forgets ;
Wheresoe'er she flies, pursues her,
Casting clouds of somersets !

Onward, onward rush the coursers ;
Bright is Gomersalez' eye ;
Saints protect thee, Woolfordinez,
For his triumph, sure, is nigh ;
Now his courser's flanks he lashes,
O'er his shoulder flings the rein,
And his feet aloft he tosses,
Holding stoutly by the mane !

Then, his feet once more regaining,
Doffs his jacket, doffs his smalls,
And in graceful folds around him
A bespangled tunic falls.
Pinions from his heels are bursting,
His bright locks have pinions o'er them ;
And the public see with rapture
Maia's nimble son before them.

Speed thee, speed thee, Woolfordinez !
For a panting god pursues ;
And the chalk is very nearly
Rubbed from thy white satin shoes ;

Every bosom throbs with terror,
 You might hear a pin to drop ;
 All is hushed, save where a starting
 Cork gives out a casual pop.

One smart lash across his courser,
 One tremendous bound and stride,
 And our noble Cid was standing
 By his Woolfordines' side !
 With a god's embrace he clasped her,
 Raised her in his manly arms ;
 And the stables' closing barriers
 Hid his valor, and her charms !

W. E. AYTOUN.

THE SONG OF CLARA BAKETHECAKES.

Oh John ! Oh John ! why not hasten to me ?
 I'm in the market : I'm widow and free ;
 I know more of marriage than any young maid,
 I can keep house too, and that first-rate.

I've a house, chair, and table, and bed so tall,
 And that is far better than nothing at all ;
 And though I once have been married before,
 I want it again love—yes, all the more.

Those who live single don't know how to live,
 Never a cent for such life would I give ;
 Just come and marry, oh, sweetest of men !
 Come to-morrow—or now dear, I don't care when.

But if you do *not* come, I'll go marry Ned,
Thoughts of him, long, love, have passed through my
head,
But I love you far better, and that's a fact,
With yearning for you, soul and body are racked.

Ned is too old and two children has he,
And you are far healthier it seems to me,
But if you're not here, Sir, this week, without doubt
I shall marry Ned,—so you'd better look out !

What is your will John?—come let it be seen,
Long—ah! too long, dear—unmarried I've been,
And longer I long not unmarried to stay;
John—come and wed, and we'll drive care away.

APOSTROPHE TO THE ELEPHANT.

“ OLD hoss, or animal, or beast!—
Tell me, did nature use up all her yeast,
In causing you to rise to such a height,
Whereby you easily observe daylight
About two hours and a half before the roosters crow?
And are you thorough bred or low?
Unpack your carpet bag or trunk and let us observe
whether you are or no,
And then for wonders I no more will pant,
For I can truly say, I'VE SEEN THE ELEPHANT.”

Anonymous.

GENTILITY.

Genteel it is to have soft hands, but not genteel to work on lands.

Genteel it is to lie abed, but not genteel to earn your bread.

Genteel it is to cringe and bow, but not genteel to saw and plow.

Genteel it is to play the beau, but not genteel to reap and sow.

Genteel it is to keep a gig, but not genteel to hoe and dig.

Genteel it is in trade to fail, but not genteel to swing a flail.

Genteel it is to play the fool, but not genteel to keep a school.

Genteel it is to cheat your tailor, but not genteel to be a sailor.

Genteel it is to fight a duel, but not genteel to cut your fuel.

Genteel it is to eat rich cake, but not genteel to cook and bake.

Genteel it is to have the blues, but not genteel to wear thick shoes.

Genteel it is to roll in wealth, but not genteel to have good health.

Genteel it is to cut a friend, but not genteel your clothes to mend.

Genteel it is to make a show, but not genteel poor folks to know.

Genteel it is to run away, but not genteel at home to stay.

Genteel it is to smirk and smile, but not genteel to shun all guile.

Genteel it is to be a knave, but not genteel your cash to save.

Genteel it is to make a bet, but not genteel to pay a debt.

Genteel it is to play at dice, but not genteel to take advice.

Genteel it is to curse and swear, but not genteel plain clothes to wear.

Genteel it is your cash to hoard, but not genteel to pay your board.

Genteel it is to waste your life, but not genteel to love your wife.

Genteel it is to drink and fight, but not genteel to do what's right.

I cannot tell what I may do, or what scenes yet I may pass through ; I may, perchance, be doomed to beg, or hop about upon one leg ; or, even, I may come to steal, but may I never be genteel ! Come joy or sorrow, weal or woe, Oh, may I never get that low !

Anonymous.

TO A FORGET-ME-NOT.

FOUND IN MY EMPORIUM OF LOVE-TOKENS.

SWEET flower, that with thy soft blue eye
Didst once look up in shady spot,
To whisper to the passer-by
Those tender words—Forget-me-not !

Though wither'd now, thou art to me
The minister of gentle thought,—
And I could weep to gaze on thee,
Love's faded pledge—Forget-me-not !

Thou speak'st of hours when I was young,
And happiness arose unsought,
When she, the whispering woods among,
Gave me thy bloom—Forget-me not !

That rapturous hour with that dear maid
From memory's page no time shall blot,
When yielding to my kiss, she said,
“Oh, Theodore—Forget-me-not !”

Alas for love ! alas for truth !
Alas for man's uncertain lot !
Alas for all the hopes of youth,
That fade like thee—Forget-me-not !

Alas ! for that one image fair,
With all my brightest dreams in-wrought
That walks beside me everywhere,
Still whispering—Forget-me-not !

O memory ! thou art but a sigh
For friendships dead and loves forgot ;
And many a cold and alter'd eye,
That once did say—Forget-me-not !

And I must bow me to thy laws,
For—odd although it may be thought—
I can't tell who the deuce it was
That gave me this Forget-me-not !

W. E. AYTOUN.

A CALL WANTED.

TO THE DESTITUTE CHURCH IN HESITATION.

I've read in THE EXAMINER
Of your declining state,
And hasten to suggest a cure,
Ere it should be too late,
To fill your vacant pulpit
I am the very man,
Although it is with diffidence
That I suggest the plan.

'Tis long to wait for eighteen months,
But I have waited more,
To see the ways of Providence—
The opening of its door ;
And though I feel resigned to go
Where'er my lot shall fall,
And wait to see my duty plain,
I do not get a call.

When first I was ordained to preach,
A letter duly came
From members of a Broadway church,
"Might they suggest my name?"
And then I went a candidate
Beneath that marble pile
Where wealth and fashion proudly walk
Along its yielding aisle.

The pulpit had been occupied
By Rev. Dr. Hewes,
And all the time I felt that I
Could never fill his shoes,
Bright Monday morning came, and I
Was called on by "the few,"
But then they merely came to say
They thought I would not do!

From there I went to Ivygrove,
A quiet inland town,
And stayed a month, perhaps 'twas more,
With Deacon Abram Brown:
Attended meetings, preached and prayed,
And spake to one and all,
But Oh! these people were so poor,
They could not give a call.

And then I preached at Rivertown,
And there my way seemed clear,
Though three hundred and donations
Was all they gave a year.

Though this, to me, seemed *rather* small,
In fact not liberal pay,
Yet after all I might have staid,
And been there to this day—

Had not rich Esquire Nettleton
Declared I was not deep,
Although through all the sermon time
The man was sound asleep ;
Besides, some knowing one spake low,
And feared I would not wear ;
While widow Rattleton disliked
The color of my hair.

And when I left that place behind,
One thing seemed very clear,
I never could be called to preach
Where none were called to hear.

But reading of this opening,
I thought I would look in,
And should it be your mind, my friends,
I'll stay through thick and thin.

And very much I want to have
Your pulpit well supplied ;
To see the door of duty closed,
Which now stands open wide.
And should the Rev. Shallow Splurge
Decline your guide to be,
I humbly would suggest that you
Should turn your thoughts to me.

Please address

REV. JONATHAN LOOKOUT.

KISSES IN MARKET.

“TELL me, dear husband,” Kitty said,
“Before you go, I pray,
How shall I get the meat and bread,
For our noon meal to-day?”

“Buy them with smiles,” the husband cried.
“But that won’t pay,” said she.
“Then take this kiss,” her lord replied,
And to his shop went he.

The noon-time came and he came too,
And dinner was prepared,
A tender steak was full in view,
“Quite splendid,” he declared.

He said he wished to have such meat,
Three times a day in future,
“But tell me love for this great treat
What did you pay the butcher?”

“What did I pay?—I paid the kiss,
‘Twas all you left you know.”
“A-a-l right,” said he, “but after this,
Take meney when you go.”

Anonymous.

REFLECTIONS

UPON RECEIVING A COPY OF MY FIRST POEM PUBLISHED
IN A VILLAGE NEWSPAPER.

AH ! here it is ! I'm famous now—
An author and a poet !
It really is in print ! Ye gods !
How proud I'll be to show it !
And gentle Anna ! what a thrill
Will animate her breast,
To read these ardent lines and know
To whom they are addressed !

Why, bless my soul ! here's something strange,
What can the paper mean,
By talking of the "graceful brooks,
That *gander* o'er the green ?"
And here's a T instead of R,
Which makes it "Tippling rill ;"
"Will seek the *shad*' instead of shade,
And "hell" instead of "hill."

"They look so—" what ? I recollect
'Twas "sweet" and then 'twas "kind,"
And now to think the stupid fool
For "bland" has printed "blind ?"
Was ever such provoking work ?
'Tis curious, by the by,
How anything is rendered blind
By giving it an eye.

“Hast thou no tears”—the T’s left out—

“Hast thou no ears” instead;

“I hope that thou art dear” is put

“I hope that thou art dead.”

Who ever saw in such a space

So many blunders crammed?

“Those gentle eyes bedimmed” is spelt

“Those gentle eyes be d—d!”

“The color of the rose” is “nose,”

“Affection” is “affliction;”

I wonder if the likeness holds

In fact as well as diction?

“Thou art a friend,” the R is gone:

Whoever would have deemed

That such a trifling thing could change

A “friend” into a “fiend!”

“Thou art the same” is rendered “lame,”

It really is too bad;

And here because an “I” is out,

My “lovely maid” is “mad!”

They drove her blind by poking in

An eye—a process new;

And now they’ve gouged it out again,

And made her crazy, too.

“Where are the muses fled, that thou

Shouldst live so long unsung,”

Thus read my version—here it is—

“Shouldst live so long *unhung*!”

“The fate of woman’s love is thine,”
An H commences “fate;”
How small a circumstance will change
A woman’s love to hate !

I’ll read no more ! what shall I do ?
I’ll never dare to send it ;
The paper’s scattered far and wide—
’Tis now too late to mend it.
Oh, fame ! thou cheat of human bliss—
Why did I ever write ?
I wish my poem had been burnt
Before it saw the light.

Let’s stop and recapitulate :
I’ve damned her eyes, that’s plain—
I’ve told her she’s a lunatic,
And blind and deaf and lame !
Was ever such a horrid hash
In poetry or prose ?
I’ve said she was a fiend, and praised
The color of her nose.
I wish I had that editor
About a half a minute—
I’d “bang” him to his heart’s content,
And with an “H” begin it.

TRAVEL.

WRITTEN BY H. P. L., ON THE TOP OF A HAT, WITH A
BRICK IN IT, IN THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES BY A STOP-
WATCH.

RAIL-ROADS, steam-boats, stages, wagons ;
Iron horses, snorting dragons :
Side-wheel ducks with heads of steam on,
Four-horse drags unfit to dream on :
One-horse teams ! at these do n't cavil,
What's the odds ?—WE're bound to travel

Down the grand, broad MISSISSIPPI !
Go 'way small streams, this will whip ye :
Bluffs and sand-bars, snags and sawyers,
You're, for steam-boats, sad destroyers.
BIG-OLD STRONG ! your praise I give ill,
Never mind, WE're bound to travel.

Foam and mist and spray and thunder !
Go 'way Europe, stand from under !
Here's NIAGARA, our own roarer,
Of all other Falls the floorer !
Come here, cockneys, and be civil,
Come and learn the way WE travel.

In the rail-road o'er the prairie,
Fast we fly, light-winged and airy :
Whirr ! up fly the prairie-chickens,
Whish ! the deer run like the dickens.
Come here, cockneys, and be civil,
Come and learn the way WE travel.

Flying sparks and dust and cinders,
Coming in at doors and windows :
Bad hotels, and awful eating,
Rum hack-drivers, death on cheating ;
Clothes begrimed with grit and gravel,
That is what we catch, who travel.

Mountains, valleys, hills, and rivers,
Each one to the landscape givers,
Granite hills and rocks we greet ye !
Valleys, rivers, glad to meet ye !
Each and all these words unravel,
'Hurrah, rip ! it's good to travel !'

HENRY P. LELAND.

LETTERS

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE AT PARIS TO MISS DOROTHY—IN
IRELAND.

WHAT a time since I wrote !—I'm a sad naughty girl—
Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,
Yet even (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.
But, Lord, such a place ! and then, Dolly, my dresses,
My gowns, so divine !—there's no language expresses,
Except just the *two* words "superbe," "magnifique,"
The trimmings of that which I had home last week !
It is call'd—I forget—*à la*—something which sounded
Like *alicampane*—but, in truth, I'm confounded
And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's
(Bob's) cookery language, and Madame Le Roi's :

What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,
Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,
One's hair, and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,
I can scarce tell the difference, at least as to phrase,
Between beef *à la Peyché* and curls *à la braise*,—
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite *à la Fran-*
çaise,
With my bonnet—so beautiful! —high up and poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimneys from
smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights—
This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting,
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?

Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears!

Brother Bobby's remark t'other night was a true
one;

“This *must* be the music,” said he, “of the *spears*,
For I'm cursed if each note of it doesn't run through
one!”

Pa says (and you know, love, his book's to make out),
'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about;
That this passion for roaring has come in of late,
Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State.

• What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!

What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon be let loose of
it!

If, when of age, every man in the realm

Had a voice like old Laïs, and chose to make use of it!

No—never was known in this riotous sphere
Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear ;
So bad, too, you'd swear that the god of both arts,
 Of Music and Physic had taken a frolic
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
 And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic !

But, the dancing—*ah parlez moi*, Dolly, *de ça*—
There, indeed, is a treat that charms all but Papa.
Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of romance !
 Fly, fly to Titania, und ask her if *she* has
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance
 Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny Bias !
Fanny Bias in Flora—dear creature !—you'd swear,
 When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
 And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.
And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels
 Her black flowing hair, and by demons is driven ;
Oh ! who does not envy those rude little devils,
 That hold her, and hug her, and keep her from
heaven ?
Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,
So divinely—oh, Dolly ! between you and I,
It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh
To make love to me then—*you've* a soul, and can judge
What a crisis 'twould be for your friend Biddy Fudge !

The next place (which Bobby has near lost his heart
 in),
They call it the Play-house—I think—of Saint Martin :

Quite charming—and *very* religious—what folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear Dolly,
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly:
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.
Here Daniel, in pantomime, bids bold defiance
To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuff'd lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it;—
Here Bégrand, who shines in this scriptural path,
As the lovely Susanna, without even a relic
Of drapery round her, comes out of the Bath
In a manner, that, Bob says, is quite *Eve-angelic*!

But, in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite
All the exquisite places we're at, day and night;
And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon, a place where—I doubt
If I well can describe—there are cars that set out
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, Doll—you hardly know where.
These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.
Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether

You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a match;
In an instant you're seated, and down both together
Go thundering, as if you went post to old Scratch;
Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd;

The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright,
That there came up—imagine, dear Doll, if you can—
A fine swallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,
With mustaches that gave (what we read of so oft),
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abelard and old Blucher !
Up he came, Doll, to me, and uncovering his head
(Rather bald, but so warlike !) in bad English said,
“ Ah ! my dear—if Ma’mselle vill be so very good—
Just for von little course”—though I scarce understood
What he wish’d me to do, I said, thank him, I would.

Off we set—and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew
whether

My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 'twas like heaven and earth, Dolly, coming to-
gether—

Yet, spite of the danger, we dared it again.
And oh ! as I gazed on the features and air
Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair

Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara !

This achiev’d, through the gardens we saunter’d about,
Saw the fire-works, exclaim’d “ magnifique !” at each
cracker,
And when 'twas all o’er, the dear man saw us out
With the air, I *will* say, of a prince, to our *faacre*.

Now, hear me—this stranger—it may be mere folly—
But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly?
Why, bless you, no less than the great King of Prussia,
Who's here now incog.—he, who made such a fuss, you
Remember, in London, with Blucher and Platoff,
When Sal was near kissing old Blucher's cravat off!
Pa says he's come here to look after his money
(Not taking things now as he used under Boney),
Which suits with our friend, for Bob saw him, he swore,
Looking sharp to the silver received at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)
Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Used three times a day with young ladies in Paris.
Some Doctor, indeed, has declared that such grief
Should—unless 'twould to utter despairing its folly
push—
Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By rattling, as Bob says, “like shot through a holly-
bush.”
I must now bid adieu—only think, Dolly, think
If this *should* be the King—I have scarce slept a *wink*
With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,
When they read that Count Buppin, to drive away
vapors,
Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss Biddy Fudge.
Nota Bene.—Papa's almost certain 'tis he—
For he knows the L*git**ate cut, and could see,
In the way he went poising, and managed to tower
So erect in the car, the true *Balance of Power*.

SECOND LETTER.

Well, it *isn't* the King, after all, my dear creature !
But *don't* you go laugh, now—there's nothing to quiz
in't—

For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,
He *might* be a King, Doll, though, hang him, he *isn't*.
At first I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,
If for no other cause than to vex Miss Malone—
(The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan, who's
here,
Showing off with *such* airs and a real Cashmere,
While mine's but a paltry old rabbit-skin, dear !)
But says Pa, after deeply considering the thing,
“ I am just as well pleased it should *not* be the King ;
As I think for my Biddy, so *gentille et jolie*,
Whose charms may their price in an *honest* way
fetch ;
That a Brandenburg—(what *is* a Brandenburg, Dolly?)—
Would be, after all, no such very great catch.
If the R—g—t, indeed—” added he, looking sly—
(You remember that comical squint of his eye)
But I stopp'd him—“ La, Pa, how *can* you say so,
When the R—g—t loves none but old women, you
know !”

Which is fact, my dear Dolly—we, girls of eighteen,
And so slim—Lord, he'd think us not fit to be seen ;
And would like us much better as old—ay, as old
As that Countess of Desmond, of whom I've been told
That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten,
And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then !

What a frisky old girl! but—to come to my lover,
Who, though not a king, is a *hero* I'll swear—
You shall hear all that's happen'd just briefly run over,
Since that happy night, when we whisk'd through the
air!

Let me see—'twas on Saturday—yes, Dolly, yes—
From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss;
When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,
Whose journey, Bob says is so like love and marriage,
“Beginning gay, desperate, dashing down-hilly;
And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly!”
Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through,
And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,
With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet,
Set out with Papa, to see Louis Dix-huit
Make his bow to some half dozen women and boys,
Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive le Rois*—
And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,
Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses!
The gardens seem'd full—so, of course, we walk'd o'er
'em,
'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum,
And Daphnes, and vases, and many a statue
There staring, with not even a stitch on them, at you
The ponds, too, we view'd—stood awhile on the brink
To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes—
“*Live Bullion*,” says merciless Bob, “which I think,
Would if *coin'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be delicious!”
But *what*, Dolly, what is the gay orange-grove,
Or gold fishes, to her that's in search of her love?

In vain did I wildly explore every chair
Where a thing *like* a man was—no lover sat there !
In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
At the whiskers, mustaches, and wigs that went past,
To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,
But a glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,
As the lock that, Pa says, is to Mussulmen given,
For the angel to hold by that “lugs them to heaven !”
Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,
And mustaches in plenty, but nothing like his !
Disappointed, I found myself sighing out “well-a-day,”

Thought of the words of T—m M—re’s Irish melody,
Something about the “green spot of delight,”
(Which you know, Captain Macintosh sung to us one
day :)

Ah, Dolly ! *my* “spot” was that Saturday night,
And its verdure, how fleeting, had wither’d by Sun-
day !

We dined at a tavern—La, what do I say ?
If Bob was to know !—a *Restaurateur’s*, dear ;
Where your *properest* ladies go dine every day,
And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like
beer.

Fine Bob (for he’s really grown *super-fine*)
Condescended, for once, to make one of the party ;
Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,
And, in spite of my grief, love, I own I ate hearty ;
Indeed, Doll, I know not how ‘tis, but in grief,
I have always found eating a wondrous relief ;

And Bob, who's in love, said he felt the same *quite*—

“My sighs,” said he, “ceased with the first glass I
drank you;

The *lamb* made me *tranquil*, the *puff's* made me *light*,

And now that's all o'er—why, I'm—pretty well, thank
you!”

To *my* great annoyance, we sat rather late;

For Bobby and Pa had a furious debate

About singing and cookery—Bobby, of course,

Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force;

And Pa saying, “God only knows which is worst,

The French singers or cooks, but I wish us well over
it—

What with old *Laïs* and *Véry*, I'm curst

If *my* head or my stomach will ever recover it!”

'Twas dark when we got to to the Boulevards to stroll,

And in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,

When sudden it struck me—last hope of my soul—

That some angel might take the dear man to Tor-
toni's!

We enter'd—and scarcely had Bob, with an air,

For a *grappe a la jardiniere* call'd to the waiters,

When, oh ! Doll, I saw him—my hero was there

(For I knew his white small-clothes and brown leather
gaiters),

A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,

And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him !

Oh Dolly, these heroes—what creatures they are !

In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter;

As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car
As when safe at Tortoni's, o'er iced currant-water !
He joined us—imagine, dear creature, my ecstacy—
Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to
see !

Bob wish'd to treat him with punch *à la glace*,
But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,
And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirl'd)
Were to *him*, “on de top of all ponch in de world.”—
How pretty !—though oft (as, of course, it must be)
Both his French and his English are Greek, Doll, to
me.

But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did :
And, happier still, when 'twas fixed, ere we parted,
That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,
We all would set off in French buggies, together,
To see *Montmorency*—that place which, you know,
Is so famous for cherries and Jean Jacques Rousseau.
His card then he gave us—the *name*, rather creased—
But 'twas Calicot—something—a colonel, at least !
After which—sure there never was hero so civil—he
Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,
Where his *last* words, as at parting, he threw
A soft look o'er his shoulders, were—“how do you
do ?”

But, Lord—there's Papa for the post—I'm so vex'd—
Montmorency must now, love, be kept for my next.
That dear Sunday night !—I was charmingly dress'd,
And—so providential—was looking my best;

Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce—and my
frills,
You've no notion how rich—(though Pa has by the
bills)—
And you'd smile had you seen, when we sat rather near,
Colonel Calicot eyeing the cambric, my dear.
Then the flowers in my bonnet—but, la, it's in vain—
So, good by, my sweet Doll—I shall soon write again.

B. F.

Nota Bene—our love to all neighbors about—
Your papa in particular—how is his gout?

P. S.—I've just open'd my letter to say,
In your next you must tell me (now *do*, Dolly, pray
For I hate to ask Bob, he's so ready to quiz)
What sort of a thing, dear, a *Brandenburg* is.

THIRD LETTER.

At last, Dolly—thanks to a potent emetic
Which Bobby and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
Have swallowed this morning to balance the bliss
Of an eel *matelotte*, and a *bisque d'ecrevisses*—
I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down
To describe you our heavenly trip out of town.
How agog you must be for this letter, my dear!
Lady Jane in the novel less languish'd to hear
If that elegant cornet she met at Lord Neville's
Was actually dying with love or—blue devils.
But love, Dolly, love is the theme *I* pursue;
With blue devils, thank heaven, I've nothing to do—

Except, indeed, dear Colonel Calicot spies
Any imps of that color in *certain* blue eyes,
Which he stares at till *I*, Doll, at *his* do the same ;
Then he simpers—I blush—and would often exclaim,
If I knew but the French for it, “Lord, sir, for shame !”

Well, the morning was lovely—the trees in full dress
For the happy occasion—the sunshine *express*—
Had we order’d it, dear, of the best poet going,
It scarce could be furnish’d more golden and glowing.
Though late when we started, the scent of the air
Was like Gattie’s rose-water, and bright here and there
On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,
Like my aunt’s diamond pin on her green tabinet !
And the birds seemed to warble, as blest on the boughs,
As if *each* a plumed Calicot had for her spouse,
And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,
And—in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes
With the creature one loves, ’tis all *couleur de rose* ;
And ah, I shall ne’er, lived I ever so long, see
A day such as that at divine Montmorency !

There was but *one* drawback—at first when we started,
The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted ;
How cruel—young hearts of such moments to rob !
He went in Pa’s buggy, and I went with Bob :
And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
That Papa and his comrade agreed but *so-so*.
For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of Boney’s—
Served with him, of course—nay, I’m sure they were
cronies ;

So martial his features, dear Doll, you can trace
Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face
As you do on that pillar of glory and brass
Which the poor Duc de B**ri must hate so to pass.
It appears, too, he made—as most foreigners do—
About English affairs an odd blunder or two.
For example—misled by the names, I dare say—
He confounded Jack Castles with Lord Castlereagh;
And—such a mistake as no mortal hit ever on—
Fancied the *present* Lord Camden the *clever* one!

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade;
'Twas for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.
And, oh! had you heard, as together we walk'd
Through that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd;
And how perfectly well he appear'd, Doll, to know
All the life and adventures of Jean Jacques Rousseau!—
“ 'Twas there,” said he—not that his *words* I can
state—
'Twas a gibberish that Cupid alone could translate;—
But “there,” said he (pointing where, small and remote,
The dear Hermitage rose), “there his Julie he wrote,
Upon paper gilt-edged, without blot or erasure,
Then sanded it over with silver and azure,
And—oh, what will genius and fancy not do?—
Tied the leaves up together with *nompaireille* blue! ”
What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emotions
From sand and blue ribbons are conjured up here!
Alas! that a man of such exquisite notions,
Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my
dear!

“ ‘Twas here, too, perhaps,” Colonel Calicot said—
As down the small garden he pensively led—
(Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle
With rage not to find there the loved periwinkle)—
“ ‘Twas here he received from the fair D’Epinay,
(Who call’d him so sweetly *her Bear*, every day),
That dear flannel petticoat, pull’d off to form
A waistcoat to keep the enthusiast warm !”

Such, Doll, were the sweet recollections we ponder’d,
As, full of romance, through that valley we wander’d,
The flannel (one’s train of ideas, how odd it is !)
Led us to talk about other commodities,
Cambric, and silk, and I ne’er shall forget,
For the sun was then hastening in pomp to its set,
And full on the Colonel’s dark whiskers shone down,
When he ask’d me, with eagerness—who made my
gown ?

The question confused me—for, Doll, you must know,
And I *ought* to have told my best friend long ago,
That, by Pa’s strict command, I no longer employ
That enchanting *couturiere*, Madame Le Roi.
But am forc’d, dear, to have Victorine, who—deuce take
her—

It seems is, at present, the king’s mantua-maker—
I mean of *his party*—and, though much the smartest,
Le Roi is condemned as a rank B*n*pa*t*st.

Think, Doll, how confounded I look’d—so well know-
ing

The Colonel’s opinions—my cheeks were quite glowing;

I stammer'd out something—nay, even half named
The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he exclaim'd,
“ Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen
It was made by that B**rb*n**t b——h, Victorine !”
What a word for a hero! but heroes *will* err,
And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things *just* as they
were.

Besides, though the word on good manners intrench,
I assure you, 'tis not *half* so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away,
And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,
The thoughts that arise when such dear fellows woo
us—

The *nothings* that then, love, are *every thing* to us—
That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
And what Bob calls the “Twopenny-Post of the
Eyes”—

Ah Doll, though I *know* you've a heart, 'tis in vain
To a heart so unpracticed these things to explain.
They can only be felt in their fullness divine
By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline,
Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine !

But here I must finish—for Bob, my dear Dolly,
Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy,
Is seized with a fancy for church-yard reflections ;
And full of all yesterday's rich recollections,
Is just setting for Montmartre—“ for *there* is,”
Said he, looking solemn, “ the tomb of the Verys !
Long, long have I wish'd, as a votary true,
O'er the grave of such talents to utter my moans ;

And to-day, as my stomach is not in good cue
 For the *flesh* of the Verys—I'll visit their *bones* !”
 He insists upon *my* going with him—how teasing !
 This letter, however, dear Dolly, shall lie
 Unseal'd in my drawer, that if any thing pleasing
 Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you—Good-by.

B. F.

Four o'clock.

Oh, Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm ruined forever—
 I ne'er shall be happy again, Dolly, never ;
 To think of the wretch !—what a victim was I !
 'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die !
 My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—
 I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick !
 Oh what do you think ? after all my romancing,
 My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,
 This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
 This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper !!
 'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother Bob so
 (You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so),
 For some little gift on my birth-day—September
 The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen you remember—
 That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach
 (Ah, little thought I who the shopman would prove),
 To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,
 Which, in happier hours, I have sighed for, my love—
 (The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the price—
 And one's name in the corner embroidered so nice !)
 Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
 But—ye gods, what a phantom !—I thought I should
 drop—

There he stood, my dear Dolly—no room for a doubt—
There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him
stand,
With a piece of French cambric before him roll'd
out,
And that horrid yard-measure upraised in his hand !
Oh—Papa all along knew the secret, 'tis clear—
'Twas a *shopman* he meant by a "Brandenburg,"
dear !

The man whom I fondly had fancied a King,
And when *that* too delightful illusion was past,
As a hero had worship'd—vile treacherous thing—
To turn out but a low linen-draper at last !
My head swam round—the wretch smil'd, I believe,
But his smiling, alas ! could no longer deceive—
I fell back on Bob—my whole heart seem'd to wither,
And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither !

I only remember that Bob, as I caught him,
With cruel facetiousness said—"Curse the Kiddy,
A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought him,
But now I find out he's a *Counter* one, Biddy!"

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known
To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss Malone !.
What a story 'twill be at Shandangan forever !
What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with the
men !
It will spread through the country—and never, oh
never
Can Biddy be seen at Kilrandy again !

Farewell—I shall do something desperate, I fear—
And ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,
One tear of compassion my Doll will not grudge
To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend,

BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota Bene.—I'm sure you will hear with delight,
That we're going, all three, to see Brunet to-night.
A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. Cox
(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MOSQUITO HUNT.

Not a sound was heard but a terrible hum,
As round the chamber we hurried,
In search of the mosquito whose trumpet and drum
Our delectable slumber had worried.

We sought it darkly at dead of night,
Our coverlet carefully turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And our candle dimly burning.

No useless garment confined our breast,
But in simple night-dress and slippers,
We wandered about like spirits distressed,
Or the sails of piratical skippers.

Short and few were the words we let fall,
Lest the sound should disturb the mosquito,
But we steadfastly gazed on the white-washed wall,
And thought how we had been bit ob!

But half an hour seemed to elapse
Ere we met with the wretch that had bit us,
And raising our boot gave some terrible slaps,
And made the mosquito *quietus*.

Quickly and gladly we turned from the dead,
And left him all smashed and gory;
We blew out the candle and popp'd into bed,
• Determined to tell you the story.

Anonymous.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A GENTLEMAN,"

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

It may be so—perhaps thou hast
A warm and loving heart;
I will not blame thee for thy face,
Poor devil as thou art.

That thing, thou fondly deem'st a nose,
Unsightly though it be,—
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,
It may be much to thee.

Those eyes,—among thine elder friends
Perhaps they pass for blue;—
No matter,—if a man can see,
What more have eyes to do?

Thy mouth—that fissure in thy face
By something like a chin,—
May be a very useful place
To put thy victual in.

I know thou hast a wife at home,
I know thou hast a child,
By that subdued, domestic smile
Upon thy features mild.

That wife sits fearless by thy side,
That cherub on thy knee ;
They do not shudder at thy looks,
They do not shrink from thee.

Above thy mantel is a hook,—
A portrait once was there ;
It was thine only ornament,—
Alas ! that hook is bare.

She begged thee not to let it go,
She begged thee all in vain :
She wept,—and breathed a trembling prayer
To meet it safe again.

It was a bitter sight to see
That picture torn away ;
It was a solemn thought to think
What all her friends would say !

And often in her calmer hours,
And in her happy dreams,
Upon its long-deserted hook
The absent portrait seems.

Thy wretched infant turns his head
In melancholy wise,
And looks to meet the placid stare
Of those unbending eyes.

I never saw thee, lovely one,—

Perchance I never may;

It is not often that we cross
Such people in our way;

But if we meet in distant years,

Or on some foreign shore,

Sure I can take my Bible oath
I've seen that face before.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meager ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me ! how lovely is the golden braid,
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe !
The thin leaves quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha ! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion ? Can it be a cabbage ?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with ;—but yet I love thee,
The giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.

Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren ; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air ;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water ?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose ;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors ;
They had an ancient goose,—it was an heir-loom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me,—oh, most fearfully !

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom ; I can feel
With all around me ;—I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle,—and you quiet bird,

That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of my legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. ✓







